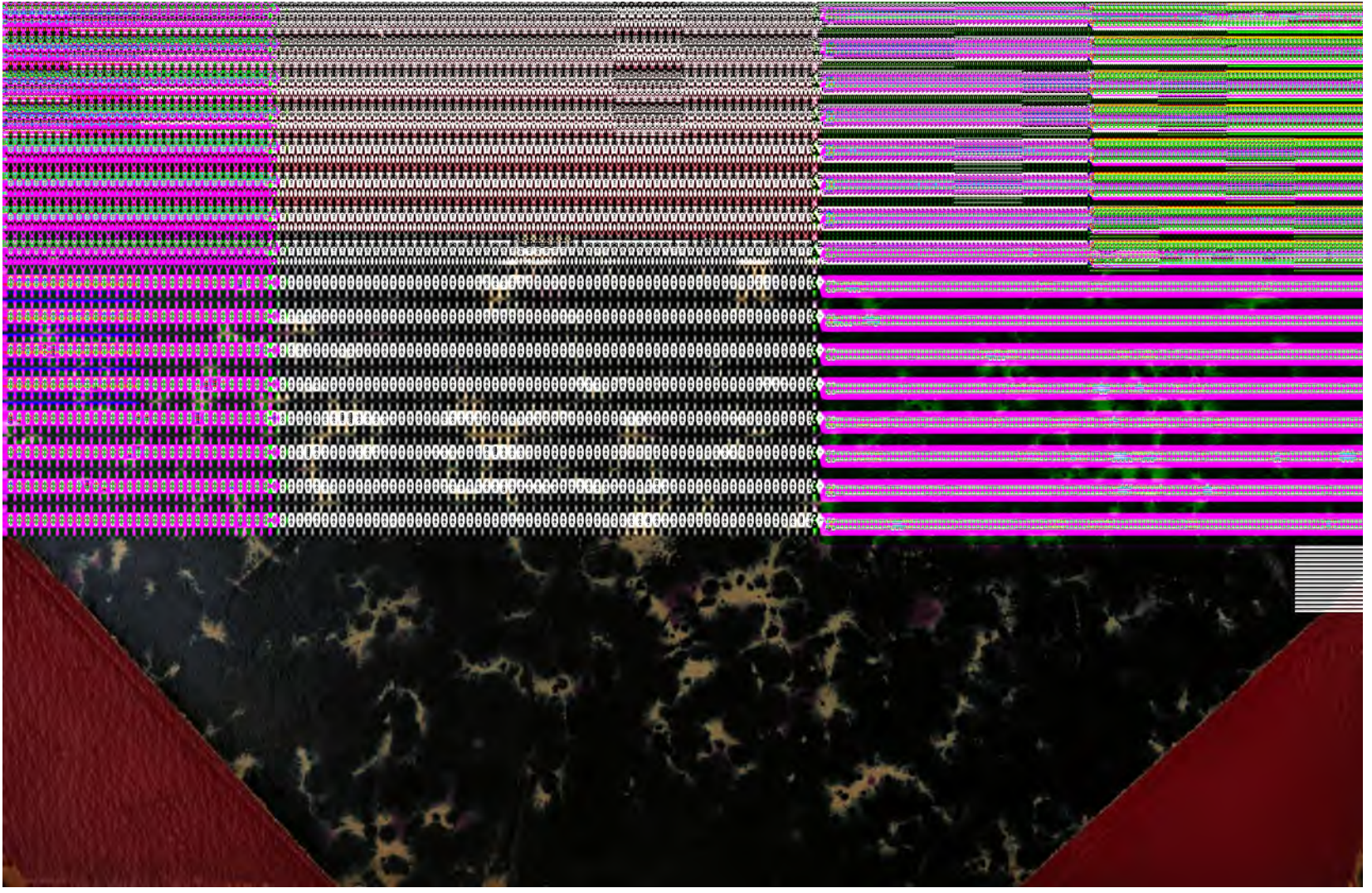

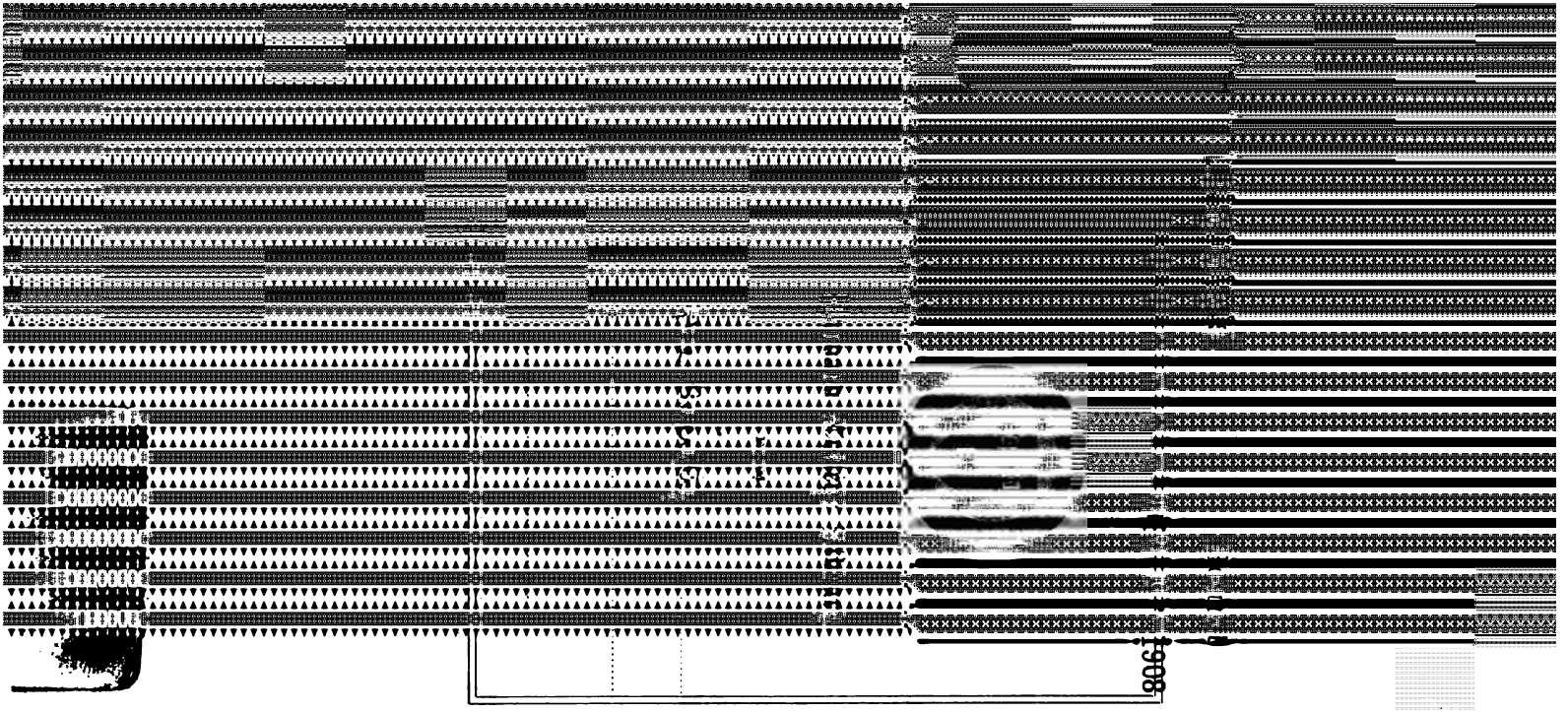

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

OF

LIVERPOOL,

DURING THE

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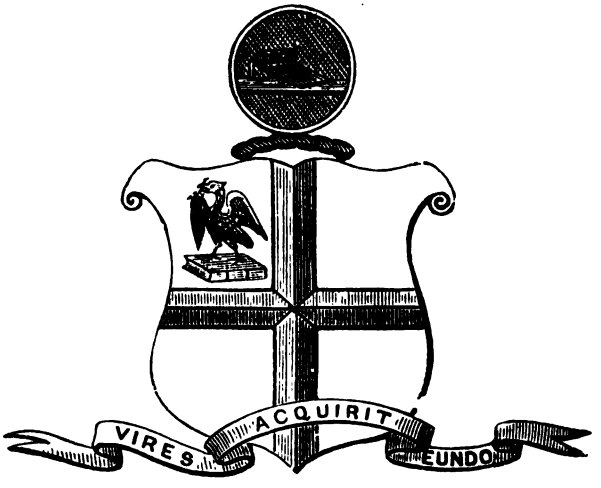

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CONTENTS.

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Oct. 17, 1898 Edwards, R., 10 *Oxford-street*

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Nov. 16, 1891 Hampson, R. A., 10 *Sunnyside, Princes Park*

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Oct. 1, 1894 Hawkes, A. E., M.D., 22 *Abercromby-square*

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Nov. 17, 1873 Mellor, James, *Weston, Blundellsands*

Dec. 14, 1874 Mellor, John, *Rutland House, Nicholas-road, Blundellsands*

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Nov. 1, 1880 Morrow, John, 36 *Falkner-square*

March 6, 1882 Morton, George Henry, 14 *Grove-park*

Oct. 21, 1895 Moulton, T. A., 11 *Dale-street*

Oct. 20, 1890 Mounsey, E., J.P., 13 *Falkner-square*

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Oct. 20, 1856 Nevins, J. Birkbeck, M.D., Lond., M.R.C.S., late Lecturer on Materia Medica, Royal Infirmary School of Medicine, 32 *Princes-avenue,* EX-PRESIDENT

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Feb. 18, 1887 Nicholson, Robert, 11 *Harrington-street*

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*Nov. 15, 1886 Poole, Sir Jas., J.P., 4 *Abercromby-square*

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Oct. 31, 1881 Rennie, J. W., 125 *Roslyn-street, St. Michael's Hamlet*

Jan. 22, 1872 Russell, Sir Edward, *Daily Post* Office, *Victoria-street*, and 6 *Abercromby-square*, EX-PRESIDENT

Oct. 15, 1894 Rutherford, Arthur, B.A., 41 *Castle-street*

Nov. 12, 1894 Rutherford, Charles H., 41 *Castle-street*

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Nov. 12, 1883 Rutherford, William Watson (Messrs. Miller, Peel, Hughes, Rutherford & Co.), 41 *Castle-street*

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March 19, 1866 Sephton, Rev. John, M.A., 90 *Huskisson-street*

Oct. 15, 1883 Sephton, Mrs., 90 *Huskisson-street*

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Royal Scottish Society of Arts: Transactions, vol. xiv., part 4.

Anthropological Institute (London): Journal, vol. i, Nos. 1 to 4.

Macmillan & Co., Ltd. (London): "*Nature*," vols. lix., lx., Nos. 1540 to 1551.

The Chemical Society (London): Proceedings, Nos. 200 to 212; Journals, Dec., 1898; Jan., Feb., and Nos. 436 to 440 of vols. 75 and 76, and Indexes.

Royal Astronomical Society (London): Notices, vol. lix, Nos. 1 to 8; Memoirs of Society, vol. lii, 1896–98; vol. liii, 1896–99.

Manchester Lit. and Phil. Society: Proceedings, vol. xlii, part 5; vol. xliii, parts 1 to 3.

"*The Engineering Magazine*" (London): Magazine for Dec., 1898; Jan., April, May, and June.

Royal Irish Academy (Dublin): Proceedings, 3rd series, vol. v, Nos. 1, 2; Transactions, vol. xxxi, part 7.

Leicester Lit. and Phil. Society: Transactions, July and Oct., 1898; vol. v, part 3, Jan., 1899.

British Association for Advancement of Science: Report of Conference at Bristol, 1898.

The Linnean Society (London): Journal (Zoology), vol. xxvi, and List, 1898–9; vol. xxvii, Nos. 173 to 175; Journal (Botany), vol. xxxiv, Nos. 236 to 238.

Royal Microscopical Society (London): Journal, 1898, Dec., part 6; 1899, Feb., part 1; April, part 2, June.

The Royal Society (London): Proceedings, vols. lxiv, lxv, Nos. 413 to 416.

Royal Statistical Society (London), Journal, 31st Dec., 1898, vol. lxii, parts 1, 2.

"*Travel*" London: Jan., Feb., March, May, July.

Sanitary Inspectors' Association: Magazine, vol. i, No. 3; March, 1899, Nos. 5, 6.

Royal Institution of British Architects (London): Journal, vol. vi, 3rd series, 1 to 15.

Geological Society (London): Quarterly Journal, vol. lv, part 1, No. 217, and part 218.

Bristol Naturalists' Society: Proceedings, vol. viii, part 3.

Historical and Archæological Collection of Montgomeryshire, vol. xxx, part 3.

The Society of Antiquaries (London): Proceedings, 2nd series, vol. xviii, No. 1.

Proceedings of Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Soc., vol. xliv.

The Institution of Civil Engineers (London): Proceedings, vols. cxxxv, cxxxvi; Address by Dr. Barr.

East India Association (London): Journal, vol. xxx, series No. 16.

Southport Meteorological Observatory: Report, 1898.

Berwickshire Naturalists' Club (Kelso, N.B.): History of Club and Session Book of Bonckle.

The Astronomer Royal (Greenwich): Observations, 1896, and Annals, vol. i.

Royal Physical Society (Edinburgh): Proceedings, session 1897–8.

Royal Meteorological Society (London): Quarterly Journal, vol. xxv, Nos. 109, 110.

Local Government Board (London): 35th Annual Report on Alkali.

Glasgow University Library: Calendar for 1899–1900.

Hull Scientific and Field Naturalists' Club: Transactions, vol. i, No. 1

Bath Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club: Proceedings, vol. ix, No. 2.

Royal Geological Society of Cornwall: Transactions, vol. xii, part 4.

Royal Observatory (Cape of Good Hope): Report for 1898.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN.

The Canadian Institute (Canada): Proceedings, vol. i, No. 6, part 6; vol. 2, part 1, No. 7.

New York Public Library (New York): Bulletins, vol. ii, Nos. 11, 12; vol. iii, Nos. 1 to 6.

Franklin Institute (U.S.A.): Journals, vol. cxlvi, No. 6; vol. cxlvii, Nos. 3 to 6; vol. cxlviii, No. 1.

Royal Society of N. S. Wales: Proceedings, Aug., Sep., and Oct., 1898.

Museum of Comparative Zoology (U.S.A.): Report 1897–8, and vols. xxx to xxxii, No. 9

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Academy of Natural Science (Philadelphia, U.S.A.): Proceedings, part 2, April, Sep., 1898

Society of Agriculture (Washington, U.S.A.): Report, 1898; North American Fauna, 14; Year Book, 1898.

Volta Bureau (Washington, U.S.A.): Pamphlets.

Köngelige Danske Videnskabernes (Copenhagen): Oversigt, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 1898; Nos. 1, 2, 3, 1899.

Royal Soc. of Northern Antiquaries (Copenhagen): Aarbger, 1898, band 13, heft 3.

Museo Nacional (Buenos Aires): Communications, tome i, No. 2.

Imperial University of Tokyō (Japan): Report, 1898.

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TREASURER'S ACCOUNT, 1897-98.

Dr. *The* LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL. **Cr.**

RECEIPTS.

1897-98.	£	s.	d.
To Balance from 1896-97 in Bank	43	3	8
„ Subscriptions :—			
137 at £1 1 0 ..... £143 17 0			
20 at 0 10 6 ..... 10 10 0			
1 at 1 1 0 Arrear ... 1 1 0			
——— 155	8	0	
„ Interest allowed by Bank	0	16	2
	£199	7	5

PAYMENTS.

1897-98.	£	s.	d.
By Royal Institution, One Year's Rent.....	20	0	0
„ Printing and Stationery	23	14	11
„ Printers, Balance of Annual Volume, 1896-97	34	15	6
„ Printers, on Account of „ „ 1897-98	50	0	0
„ Refreshments	21	14	2
„ Lime Light	4	4	0
„ Advertising	0	13	6
„ Secretary's Expenses	1	3	11
„ Librarian's „	5	10	8
„ „ „ Library Register	0	13	6
„ Treasurer's „	4	11	3
„ „ „ Cheque Book.....	0	2	1
„ Balance in Bank	82	3	11
	£199	7	5

Audited and found correct,
R. C. JOHNSON,
GEO. CURWEN.

3rd October, 1898.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
LIVERPOOL
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

EIGHTY-EIGHTH SESSION, 1898–99.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

Annual Meeting, October 3, 1898. The President, R. J. Lloyd, D.Lit., M.A., F.R.S.E., in the chair. The following Report was read and passed.

REPORT.

THE Council in presenting their Report for the Eighty-eighth Session have pleasure in recording the continued prosperity of the Society.

Thirteen meetings were held, the average attendance being 107. This exceeds the attendance for the previous sessions, and the Council regard it with satisfaction as evidence of the increased interest of the members in the proceedings of the Society.

In addition to the communications made by members to the Society, valuable papers were read, on the invitation of the Council, by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., on "Personal Recollections of Charles Dickens," and by Professor Oliver Lodge on "Electric Oscillations and Space Telegraphy." Both these papers proved to be of great interest and value, and the attendance on those occasions was exceedingly large.

The Council wish seriously to call the attention of the Society to the decrease in the number of members, and they would urge upon every member the necessity there is for exertion in obtaining suitable candidates for membership. The rise of other Societies dealing with special subjects of study has continued to arrest the influx of members to this, the oldest learned Society of Liverpool, but as it is doing work which no other Society does, its claims for support remain undiminished.

During the session Mr. Charles J. English, senior Vice President and a member of 36 years' standing, passed to his rest amid the universal regrets of the Society.

The Treasurer's Statement of Accounts was read and passed.

The annual election of Office Bearers and Members of the Council, and the re-election of Associates, took place.

The President delivered his Inaugural Address entitled "Arthur Hugh Clough."

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

I. October 17, 1898. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins, M.D., Lond., entitled "A Pilgrim's Progress, written by a French Monk in 1330; compared with Bunyan's in 1682, and with other allegories," illustrated by lantern slides.

II. October 31. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. The President read a letter from Dr. G. H. Rendall, Master of Charterhouse, expressing his pleasure on learning that he had been elected an Honorary Member of the Society. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins spoke on the desire of the Welsh for representation in the National Arms, and read a letter from Lord Salisbury on the point. The President read a communication fixing the birthplace

of Arthur Hugh Clough at 5 Rodney Street (old Nos.), and also a letter from Dr. Murray on the derivation of "Hotch-Potch." Paper by the Rev. Leopold de Beaumont Klein, D.Sc., F.L.S., on "Montaigne and His Essays."

III. November 14. The Rev. Edward N. Hoare, M.A., Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. R. C. Johnson, F.R.A.S., made a communication respecting the advent of the November Meteors. Paper read by Mr. Gilbert Parker, entitled "The Art of Fiction."

IV. November 28. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Mr. John Newton, M.R.C.S., entitled "Children's Ways and Children's Books: Past and Present."

V. December 12. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. The President made a communication respecting the birthplace of Arthur Hugh Clough. Paper by Dr. J. Murray Moore, F.R.G.S., entitled "Studies of Tennyson.—III. Tennyson as a Poet of Humanity."

VI. January 9, 1899. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Mr. G. H. Ball made a communication respecting the provision of a sanatorium for consumptive persons. Paper read by Mr. James Birchall, on "Interpretations of History—Old and New."

VII. January 23. The Rev. Edward N. Hoare, Vice-President in the chair. Paper by Dr. Keith Monsarrat M.B., F.R.C.S.E., entitled "Some Religious Ceremonies of the Ancient Egyptians."

VIII. February 6. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by the Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A., entitled "English Miracle Plays."

IX. February 20. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. The Hon. Librarian made a communication to the effect that University College had accepted the permanent custody of the Society's Library, one of the con-

ditions being that the books should still be accessible for reference by Members. Paper by Mr. John Lee, B.A., entitled "A Dream of a People's University for Liverpool."

X. March 6. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Mr. George Philip, Jun., F.R.G.S., on "The Growth of Great Britain—A Review and a Forecast."

XI. March 20. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Professor John Maccunn, M.A., LL.D., on "Ethical Theory and Practice."

XII. April 10. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Mr. Roland J. A. Shelley, entitled "Raleigh's Last Voyage."

XIII. April 24. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. The election of President for the ensuing session took place, when the Rev. Edward N. Hoare, M.A., was unanimously elected. A hearty vote of thanks to Dr. R. J. Lloyd for his services during the past session was passed unanimously. The following resolution was also passed: "That this Society requests the City Council to reconsider their decision respecting the removal of the Spire of St. Georges Church." Paper by Mr. A. Theodore Brown, entitled "Leopardi."

EXTRAORDINARY MEETINGS.

I. April 10, 1899. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. On the proposal of the President, seconded by the Rev. E. N. Hoare, the following resolution was duly carried: "That the Library of the Society be deposited with University College on the terms mentioned in the report of the Hon. Librarian to the Council."

II. April 24. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. The resolution passed at the Extraordinary Meeting of 10th April was unanimously confirmed.

ORDINARY MEMBERS ELECTED DURING THE SESSION.

Dr. Abram, Miss Bann, Mr. W. J. Cummings, Mr. Geo. F. Chevasse, Mr. R. Edwards, Prof. R. T. Glazebrook, M.A., F.R.S., Mr. Mark Hinchliffe, The Hon. Mrs. de Beaumont Klein, Mr. Stewart Nixon, The Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., Mr. W. MacGregor Veitch, L.D.S.

Attendances at the Annual and the thirteen Ordinary Meetings, 53, 130, 60, 86, 150, 70, 48, 80, 50, 70, 75, 66, 72, 50.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

By RICHARD J. LLOYD, M.A., D.Lit., F.R.S.E.

Last year at this time I spoke of the rising fame of William Watson. This year I have chosen again to speak of a poet whose beginnings are closely associated with Liverpool, but who is now long dead, and in part forgotten. Arthur Clough does not rank in the first line, or even in the second line, of English poets. He is an important figure in Victorian literature, but his chief importance is rather historical, and in some sense accidental, than strictly literary or artistic. That he could and did write good poetry, I shall be able, I think, to place beyond contradiction; but his greater titles to remembrance will always be that he was a landmark of English religious thought in the middle of the nineteenth century, and that he was the friend and inspirer of Matthew Arnold. He was brother also to Miss Clough, the first principal of Newnham College, Cambridge; and we learn from her lately published biography (1898) how deep was his influence in her development, both as a woman and an educator.

The Cloughs were a Welsh family, who traced their descent back to Sir Richard Clough, a London merchant of Tudor times, the friend and contemporary of Sir Thomas Gresham. Out of his ample wealth he bought an estate in Denbighshire, and built a house which he called Plâs Clough. Here the family continued to flourish during the centuries preceding Clough's father, James

Butler Clough. He was the first of the family, it is said, to seek his fortune in a wider sphere. He came to Liverpool, and became a cotton merchant, having close relations with Charleston, in South Carolina. Here in Liverpool, on New Year's Day, 1819, his second son, Arthur Hugh, was born. I do not know exactly where this interesting event took place, but the house ought certainly to be found and marked with a tablet. Its situation is probably within the knowledge of persons still living, and as a clue to its discovery, I may state that the persons chiefly mentioned in Miss Clough's biography, as friends of the Clough family in Liverpool, are Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bulley and their children, Mr. and Mrs. Calder and their family, Mr. and Mrs. William Conybeare, and Miss Wotherspoon. I shall be glad if anyone into whose hands this address may fall will communicate to this Society any information on this point which he may be able to obtain, in order that some action may be taken.

Clough's outward aspect was tall and commanding, and he seems always to have possessed something of that delicate physical charm which waits so often upon the poetic temperament. He was a great favourite with his mother; and in his father's long absences we find him reading to her from Pope, Scott, and Robertson, and from the lives of Columbus, Cortes, and Pizarro. This was at eight years old; and he soon became recognised as the genius of the family. Miss Clough was next in age to Arthur; and, next to their mother, she was his most intimate companion. She recalls that their mother chiefly "loved to dwell on all that was stern and noble. Leonidas at Thermopylae, Epaminondas accepting the lowliest offices and doing them as a duty to his country, the sufferings of the martyrs, and the struggles of the Protestants, were among her favourite subjects. . . . But with this

love of the terrible and grand she was altogether a woman. . . . I cannot but think that her love, her influence and her teaching had much to do with forming his character." Mrs. Clough's maiden name was Perfect. She came of a banking family of Pontefract, in Yorkshire.

A healthy but too infrequent antidote to the dangers of this studious existence was provided by his visits to his numerous relatives in Wales. Such a family (of third cousins), living at a Denbighshire vicarage, is well described in the Lawyer's First Tale in *Mari Magno*. For one of these cousins Clough seems to have entertained a boyish attachment; and the above-named story is doubtless in part autobiographical. For that reason, probably, it is also one of his best; for it is one of his most conspicuous limitations as a poet, to be unable ever to get quite outside of his own somewhat marked and peculiar personality. The descriptions of the vicar and the vicarage are worth quoting:—

> The vicar was of bulk and thewes,
> Six feet he stood within his shoes,
> And every inch of all a man;
> Ecclesiast on the ancient plan,
> Unforced by any party rule
> His native character to school;
> In ancient learning not unread,
> But had few doctrines in his head;
> Dissenters truly he abhorr'd,
> They never had his gracious word.
> He ne'er was bitter or unkind,
> But positively spoke his mind.
> Their piety he could not bear,
> A sneaking, snivelling set they were.
> Their tricks and meanness fired his blood;
> Up for his Church he stoutly stood.
> No worldly aim had he in life
> To set him with himself at strife;

A spade a spade he freely named,
And of his joke was not ashamed,
Made it and laughed at it, be sure,
With young and old, and rich and poor.
His sermons frequently he took
Out of some standard reverend book;
They seemed a little strange, indeed,
But were not likely to mislead.
Others he gave that were his own;
The difference could be quickly known.

The vicarage is so graphically described that those who know the district well could probably locate it exactly—it must be near Abergele:

The vicarage was by the sea,
That was the home of Emily.
The windows to the front looked down
Across a single-streeted town,
Far as to where Worm's Head was seen,
Dim with ten watery miles between;
The Carnedd mountains on the right
With stony masses filled the sight;
To left the open sea; the bay
In a blue plain before you lay.
A garden, full of fruit, extends,
Stone-walled, above the house, and ends
With a locked door, that by a porch
Admits to churchyard and to church;
Farm-buildings nearer on one side,
And glebe, and then the country wide.

Clough's education was well cared for. From a preparatory school at Chester he was sent on to Rugby, in the great days of Dr. Arnold. Here, again, his intense mental and moral activity found more than sufficient employment. Not only did he vindicate for himself the highest positions in the school, but toiled incessantly at supererogatory undertakings. He drank deeply, it is

true, into the manly spirit of Arnold's teaching, but it commingled in him with another spirit of minute, introspective piety, which he had brought with him from home. He was hot for the moral advancement of the school, and the spiritual regeneration of himself and his companions; and he laboured hard, through the school *Magazine*, and in various other ways, to compass these ends. It sounds strange to hear a boy of sixteen writing to his familiar friend:—

> I verily believe my whole being is soaked through with the wishing and hoping and striving to do the school good, or rather to keep it up and hinder it from falling in this, I do think, very critical time, so that all my cares and affections, and conversation, thought, words and deeds, look to that involuntarily.

At first Clough's scholastic career did not visibly suffer from these outside occupations. He easily gained the Rugby scholarship at Balliol; but at Oxford again he was drawn into a vortex of thought quite foreign to his studies; and to everybody's astonishment, except his own, he only gained a second-class degree. The chagrin of this defeat was more than personal, for it spoiled the record, till then unbroken, of first-class honours annually gained by the Rugby Balliol scholar at Oxford. The natural further result was that his own college refused him a fellowship. But Oriel College, which had under like circumstances discerned merit in J. H. Newman, now again did itself honour by conferring on Clough the prize which his abilities confessedly deserved. This was in 1842, and in the following year he was appointed tutor also.

Thus his life appeared to have suddenly regained all the external conditions of happiness. His teaching duties can hardly have been uncongenial, for he liked to spend his long vacations in conducting reading parties. These led him much into the Highlands, where he gathered the

scenery and incidents of *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, and of at least one tale in *Mari Magno*. He also enjoyed the deep affection of his now widowed mother, whom he helped to the utmost of his means, and of his still more devoted sister, who could write (*Biog.*, p. 75), about this time :—

> I would not say that the being who has called forth my affections and has made me wish to live this spiritual life, is imaginary. No, far from it. My brother Arthur has been in a great measure all this to me.

He also had a rare power of attracting friendship, especially from younger men. Hear what an unnamed friend writes of him (*Life*, p. 35) :—

> My Oxford days seem all coloured with the recollection of happy and most instructive walks and talks with him. We used to meet every day almost, though at different colleges; and it was my regular Sunday holiday to breakfast with him, and then take a long ramble over Cumnor Hurst or Bagley Wood. When I recall those days, the one thing that comes back upon me most, even more than the wisdom and loftiness and suggestiveness of his conversation, is his unselfishness and tender kindness. Many must have told you what a gift he had for making people personally fond of him; I can use no other word. For myself, I owe him more than I can ever tell, for the seed of just and noble thoughts sown, for the pure and lofty type of character set before me; but the feeling of personal attachment is the strongest of all.

Whether this was written by Matthew Arnold or not, does not appear. But that all of it might have been written by him is clear to anybody who has studied *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar Gipsy*.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these external advantages, this Oxford period was a time of growing unhappiness. It lasted about six years from the time when he gained his fellowship; and then, early in 1848, it came to an untimely end.

Oxford, when Clough first came to it, was in the throes of the Tractarian controversy. Brought, as a companion, under the influence of Ward, and, as a disciple, under that of Newman, Clough bowed completely at first to the new movement. "For two years," said he afterwards, "I was like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney." But this could not last long. In mental constitution he was the very reverse of all that a good Catholic of any school should be. The *res judicata* never commanded his lasting compliance, however venerable and imposing its authority, nor was he any more constant to his own opinions, when perchance he happened to arrive at some. In his restless and questioning mind the monumental symbols of the Christian faith roused straightway and of necessity the impulse to dig about them and underneath them, so as to find out their foundations, if any. Sometimes, with all his digging, he missed them: and then he was unhappy. This inability to rest in any conviction which he could conceive to be disputable, amounted in him to an infirmity. There is a short early poem of his which is worth quoting here (*Poems*, p. 98).

"Old things need not be therefore true,"
O brother men, nor yet the new;
Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again.

The souls of now two thousand years
Have laid up here their toils and fears,
And all the earnings of their pain—
Ah, yet consider it again!

We! what do we see? each a space
Of some few yards before his face;
Does that the whole wide plan explain?
Ah, yet consider it again!

> Alas! the great world goes its way,
> And takes its truth from each new day;
> They do not quit, nor can retain,
> Far less consider it again.

This sounds at first like a plea for the reasonableness of orthodoxy, but it is really nothing of the kind; for we shall very soon see that our author is equally ready, when occasion arises, to plead with the orthodox for the reasonableness of scepticism.

External causes conspired with natural temperament to produce this state of mind in Clough, and to prolong it to the end of life. Taking it all round, the age was extremely sceptical. Young Oxford, it is true, seemed to be rushing, in an agony and ecstasy of faith, to prostrate itself at the feet of Authority. But in England at large the tone of thought was very different. The conceptions of all the sciences, including even those of economics and history, were habitually expressed in terms of a cast-iron sequence, which seemed to leave little room for a God, and none at all for a Redeemer. It was the age of Keble and Newman, but it was also the age of Buckle, and Ricardo, and a host of physical philosophers.

In England, this latter school had been content simply to ignore theology; but in Germany it had found distinct voice in Strauss' *Leben Jesu*. Whilst Oxford was raging about Tract XC, George Eliot was quietly translating the *Leben Jesu* into English; it was in fact her first literary work. It would not be historically fair to represent the Tractarian movement as merely a reaction against this surrounding scepticism, but it is clear that both the Catholic movement and the sceptical movement gathered strength from mutual recoil.

Clough, sensitively alive to every movement of his time, became saturated with the knowledge of Strauss'

teaching, though he never adopted it as his own. He sympathised, as usual, so much with both sides that he was unable to wed himself to either. Hence, eventually, arose those singular and characteristic religious poems in which he depicts himself as Dipsychus, the man with two souls. But he was not yet free to express any thoughts of this nature. His appointment as fellow and tutor of Oriel College had necessarily involved a profession of faith in Articles of the Church of England. He had had doubts about that profession from the first, and the progressive change and unsettlement of his opinions had now brought him to a point where it was painful to him, as an honourable man, to retain these offices any longer, and in 1848 he laid them down.

In this act Clough stood in noble contrast to others who notoriously ought to have done the same thing, if they had been equally honest. That these should remain in the enjoyment of honours and emoluments from which the religious and loyal dissenter was still excluded, was a killing blow to the policy of religious tests at the national universities. Yet Clough, quite characteristically, did nothing whatever to aid in administering this blow. It was his fate, indeed, to be always fighting, but his warfare was always with himself. The strong attack which was expected from him on the Tests, or on certain of the Articles, did not come. What did come was *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, the story of a Highland reading-party and its fateful consequences, told in English hexameters. The public, disappointed at a result which seemed to it so frivolous, revenged itself by not reading the book; but it had a good sale afterwards in America. This was his first independent volume; a little volume which had been just previously published, and called *Ambarvalia*, had been the joint production of himself and his school-fellow

Burbidge. Two passages only I will quote from these early poems, to show that Clough at twenty-two, and even at twenty, was Dipsychus, even as he continued to be Dipsychus to the end. His biographer (Mrs. Clough) applies to him the lines written for Arthur Hallam—

> Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
> At last he beat his music out.

But the evidence in support of the second line is as scanty as that in support of the first line is abundant. Other men, as a rule, grow more positive in their convictions, one way or other, as they grow older, but Clough never "beats his music out;" he is irresolute to the last.

The later of the two passages which I propose to quote is the second stanza of "The Music of the World and of the Soul":—

> Are there not, then, two musics unto men?
> One loud and bold and coarse,
> And overpowering still perforce
> All tone and tune beside;
> Yet, in despite its pride,
> Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,
> And sounding solely in the sounding head;
> The other, soft and low,
> Stealing whence we do not know,
> Painfully heard, and easily forgot,
> With pauses oft and many a silence strange
> (And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not)—
> Revivals too of unexpected change:
> Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,
> Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away;
> Yet turn to other none,—
> Turn not, oh, turn not thou!
> But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it may;
> Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding now?

Clough doubted everything: at twenty he doubted and

despaired of his poetic mission. But the afflatus came back again, and he wrote :—

> Once again
> My heart was hot within me, and meseemed
> I too had in my body breath to wind
> The magic horn of song: I too possessed,
> Up-welling in my being's depths, a fount
> Of the true poet-nectar whence to fill
> The golden urns of verse.

But to return to *The Bothie*. It is interesting to read in Miss Clough's own words the story of its development (*Biog.*, p. 68). The date is October, 1848 :—

> He read aloud, to his mother and sister, Longfellow's poem of *Evangeline*, and almost immediately after began *The Bothie*. It was written in an upper room in a small house in Vine Street, looking over some open ground then unbuilt upon, just below Edge Hill, with "all its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway outworks." The passage beginning—"But as the light of day enters some populous city," speaks of what he saw then. He would rush out in the morning for an early walk; it is quiet then and still in the awakening morning; and how perfectly it is described! The open ground is gone now, and the child no longer waits for its father by the scaffolding. These things moved him, and he wrote in a ferment of excitement, but enjoying and rejoicing in his work.

This house, at that time new, and probably looking across open fields to Stephenson's new railway station in Crown Street, was then No. 51: it also ought to be found and permanently identified. As a fair average specimen of Clough's hexameters, I quote the above-named passage in full :—

> But as the light of day enters some populous city,
> Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly day-streak signal,
> High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out the gas-lamps,
> All the great empty streets are flooded with broadening clearness,
> Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access

Permeates far and pierces to the very cellars lying in
Narrow high back-lane, and court, and alley of alleys:—
He that goes forth to his walks, while speeding to the suburb,
Sees sights only peaceful and pure; as labourers settling
Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweetness of slumber;
Humble market-carts, coming in, bringing in, not only
Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of the country
Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers; soon after
Half-awake servant-maids unfastening drowsy shutters,
Up at the windows, or down, letting in the air by the doorway;
School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio, satchel,
Hampered as they haste, those running, these others maidenly tripping;
Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may be
Meet his sweetheart—waiting behind the garden gate there;
Merchant on his grass-plat haply bare-headed; and now by this time
Little child bringing breakfast to "father," that sits on the timber
There by the scaffolding; see, she waits for the can beside him;
Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit fires:
So that the whole great wicked artificial civilised fabric—
All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway out-works—
Seems re-accepted, resumed to Primal Nature and Beauty.

I do not think the unbiassed English ear will pronounce these hexameters to be as good as Longfellow's. Clough was embarrassed in this matter by theories derived from classical prosody (see his *Essays in Classical Metres* in the *Poems*, p. 417, and his *Two Letters of Parepidemus*, in *Putnam's Monthly*, July and Aug., 1853), and the most casual reader feels here at once, even if he does not discern, the inordinate frequency of spondaic lines. When Virgil closes his line with two spondees, he does it for some purpose: the artistic effect is sensibly heightened. But Clough seems often to use a penultimate spondee simply because he will not take the trouble to find a dactyl. At times indeed his verse is so rough and unmelodious, that one wonders indeed whether he had any

ears. This defect is quite as apparent in his second volume, called *Amours de Voyage*, which was written very soon after *The Bothie*, but was not published even in magazine form till it was accepted by Lowell for the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1858. It is a story of Italian travel, again partly autobiographical, located chiefly in Rome in the epoch of Mazzini's republic, and of the siege by the French. It also was in hexameters (so-called), and here are four of them;—

Yet did I waking,
Dream of a cadence that sings, *Si tombent nos jeunes héros, la Terre en produit de nouveaux, contre vous tous prêts à se battre;*
Dreamt of great indignations and angers transcendental,
Dreamt of a sword at my side, and a battle-horse underneath me.

Other poets have often kept poems by them for long years, and in many cases the world has been the gainer. Of this let the perfections of *In Memoriam* be the sufficient witness. But Clough's attitude towards his poetic progeny must have been quite the reverse of that of Tennyson. It is hard to believe that some of it was ever read a second time. Nevertheless, both these stories are well worth reading for their own sake, quite apart from the versification. The pictures in *The Bothie* of Highland life and scenery are decidedly good. Then there are the Oxford men:—

Hope was first, black-tied, white-waistcoated, simple, His Honour;
* * * *
Still more plain the tutor, the grave man, nicknamed Adam,
White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-cut waistcoat
Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense and feeling beneath it.
* * * *
Lindsay succeeded, more splendid in dress, in a waistcoat, work of a lady,
Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the Dialectician.
* * * *

Arthur, the bather of bathers, *par excellence*, Audley by surname,
Arthur they called him for love, and for euphony; they had been bathing.

* * * *

Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam, on them followed Arthur.
Airlie descended the last, effulgent as God of Olympus;
Blue, perceptibly blue, was the coat that had white silk facings,
Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white tie finely adjusted.

Hewson, "the Radical hot," goes mostly in the story under his Christian name, Philip, and turns out to be the hero; but both in him, and in Claude, the hero of *Amours de Voyage*, we discern a strong family likeness to their progenitor, Clough. Philip becomes a sort of Dipsychus or Tripsychus in love, for he becomes rapidly and desperately attached to three different ladies, and maintains between them for a certain time an interesting display of that kind of equilibrium known to mathematicians as the Triangle of Forces. There was no reason in the nature of the hero why this equilibrium should not have lasted indefinitely: but one of the ladies, a braw Scotch peasant lassie, who is fortunately gifted with a clear head and a steady will, draws matters gently to a conclusion, marries the so-called hero, and carries him off to New Zealand.

Claude, the other hero, is equally maddening. He meets a lady in Rome, falls deeply in love with her, but, just as Clough doubted his own religious feelings, so Claude doubts his own love. He sets to work to analyse it; and he feels very wise and satisfied when he has sagely said—

> Well, I know, after all, it is only juxtaposition—
> Juxtaposition, in short; and what is juxtaposition?

At this juncture the young lady and her family depart. Juxtaposition is ended; but, to Claude's infinite astonish-

ment, love remains, and will not let him rest. Then he rushes hither and thither endeavouring vainly to find the lost one. But a series of small failures, such as a robuster lover would have laughed at, suffice to utterly discourage him, and then he sits down without more ado, quite defeated, and crying out to his friend Eustace—

Ah! she was worthy, Eustace—and that, indeed, is my comfort—
Worthy a nobler heart than a fool such as I could have given her.

This poem is interestingly interwoven with incidents of the siege of Rome; but I must here go back twelve months or so in Clough's life in order to explain how he came to be then in Rome, and previously in Naples, which is the scene of *Easter Day*, and later again in Venice, where he began *Dipsychus*.

The nobility of Clough's action in laying down his Oxford appointments is enhanced by the fact that he had nothing else in prospect, and only scanty savings to fall back upon. Emerson had then been some months in England, and had become intimate with Clough. He proposed a short holiday in Paris, and thus Clough was enabled, amid the stirring events of the 1848 Revolution, to throw off the mental strain of his own recent career. Then he came home and wrote, in the autumn, as we have seen, *The Bothie*. In the winter he was appointed head of University Hall, an institution intended for the residence, under unsectarian auspices, of students at University College, London. But his duties were not to commence till the following autumn, so he resolved to spend a large part of the intervening nine months abroad. In due time he found himself besieged in Rome, and the *Amours de Voyage* seem to have been written mainly on the spot (*Life*, p. 38). Already on the same journey he had visited Naples, and had there written *Easter Day;* but *Dipsychus*,

which is essentially a sequel to *Easter Day*, was prompted and begun a year later at Venice. This was in the long vacation of 1850, after his first session at University Hall.

What strikes us here about Clough is that he was not continuously a poet. Only now and then, when relieved by some happy accident from the pressure of ordinary duties, does he doff for a time his workaday coat and don the robe and office of the bard. The poems just mentioned constitute a full half of his poetic out-put; yet they all belong to these two accidental periods of leisure in 1848–50, amounting in all to little more than a year. And then, when the spell was over, the poems lay, as we have seen, uncherished and unsung, till the publisher called for them. It is not thus that the greater masters of song-craft have produced great poetry.

Nevertheless, *Easter Day*, a poem of seventeen irregular stanzas, on the subject of the Resurrection, is, if not Clough's greatest, certainly his most characteristic poem. It opens with a regretful statement of the Straussian position:—

Through the great sinful streets of Naples as I passed,
With fiercer heat than flamed above my head
My heart was hot within me; till at last
My brain was lightened when my tongue had said,
Christ is not risen!

Christ is not risen, no—
He lies and moulders low;
Christ is not risen!

What though the stone were rolled away, and though
The grave found empty there?
If not there, then elsewhere;
If not where Joseph laid Him first, why then
Where other men
Translaid Him after, in some humbler clay.
Long ere to-day

Corruption that sad perfect work hath done,
Which here she scarcely, lightly had begun:
The foul-engendered worm
Feeds on the flesh of the life-giving form
Of our most Holy and Anointed One.
He is not risen, no—
He lies and moulders low;
Christ is not risen!

What if the women, ere the dawn was grey,
Saw one or more great angels, as they say.
(Angels, or Him himself?) Yet neither there, nor then,
Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,
Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten;
Nor, save in thunderous terror, to blind Saul.
Save in an after-Gospel and late Creed,
He is not risen indeed,—
Christ is not risen!

After several stanzas more in this strain, he addresses himself in imagination to the disciples and to the women:

Weep not beside the tomb,
Ye women unto whom
He was great solace, while ye tended Him,
Ye who with napkin o'er the head
And folds of linen round each wounded limb
Laid out the Sacred Dead;
And thou that bar'st Him in thy wondering womb;
Yea, daughters of Jerusalem, depart,
Bind up as best you may your own sad bleeding heart;
Go to your homes, your living children tend,
Your earthly spouses love;
Set your affections *not* on things above,
Which moth and rust corrupt, which quickliest come to end:
Or pray, if pray ye must, and pray, if pray ye can,
For death; since dead is He whom ye deemed more than man,
Who is not risen; no—
But lies and moulders low;
Who is not risen!

Then the whole view is desolately summed up in the fourteenth stanza:

Here, on our Easter day
We rise, we come, and lo! we find him not,
Gardener nor other, on the sacred spot;
Where they have laid Him there is none to say;
No sound, nor in, nor out,—no word
Of where to seek the dead or meet the living Lord.
There is no glistening of an angel's wings.
There is no voice of heavenly clear behest;
Let us go hence, and think upon these things
In silence, which is best.
Is He not risen? No——?
But lies and moulders low?
Christ is not risen?

But, on further meditation, the poet swings round to the opposite point of view, and in three more stanzas triumphantly answers his own former doubts. I quote the first and second of these stanzas:

So in the sinful streets, abstracted and alone,
I with my secret self held communing of mine own.
So in the southern city spake the tongue
Of one that somewhat overwildly sung,
But in a later hour I sat and heard
Another voice that spake another graver word:
Weep not, it bade, whatever hath been said,
Though He be dead, He is not dead:
In the true Creed
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen!

Weep not beside the tomb
Ye women unto whom
He was great comfort and yet greater grief.
Nor ye, ye faithful few that wont with Him to roam,
Seek sadly what for Him ye left, go hopeless to your home.
Nor ye despair, ye sharers yet to be of their belief;

Though He be dead, He is not dead,
Nor gone, though fled,
Nor lost, though vanished:
Though He return not, though
He lies and moulders low;
In the true Creed
He is yet risen indeed,
Christ is yet risen.

But if we ask ourselves which of these two moods is the more characteristic of Clough as a man, I am afraid we must answer—Neither. It is his property to oscillate like a pendulum, from the one to the other, with the certainty of not resting either at the one end of the swing or the other. If he is to find rest at all, it must be in the intermediate position of Agnosticism. This is what really happened to Arnold, but Clough never got quite so far. In practice, of course, his position was agnostic: there is a curious letter extant (*Life*, p. 137) in which he declines to conduct, or even to be habitually present at, any worship provided for the inmates of University Hall. We may define Clough, indeed, as being Arnold in the making. We never find, it is true, in Arnold's poetry, that singular spectacle of a mind divided against itself which is almost everywhere displayed by Clough. But we are almost obliged to think that there must have been a time in Arnold's development when he too was a prey to violent mental conflict, when he too might have imagined that he possessed, not one spirit, but two, in one body. For both poets had developed side by side, under precisely similar surroundings, and in constant intimacy. Clough, however, was older than Arnold by more than three years, and in college days such a difference is quite enough to give to the senior a very decided leadership. It is indeed very curious to observe how, so long as Clough lived, the

greater poet looked up habitually to the less. The converse view of this situation is curiously seen in a review of Arnold's earlier poetry by Clough (*North American Review*, July, 1853), in which the lesser poet just as conspicuously looks down upon the greater. It is probably right to think that Arnold's development was accelerated by that of Clough—the battles through which he found peace having been fought beforehand under his own eyes in the mind of his friend. In any case it is clear that the transitional state of mind which prompted Clough to sing remained quite voiceless in Arnold. Its period must have been in his case much briefer, and it was certainly out of tune with his serene and restrained habits of expression. Hence it is that Arnold and Clough, despite all their close association, are not similar, but complementary. In Clough the conflict of doubt is so rampant that he doubts even whether he really doubts: in Arnold the conflict is past; there is peace, though it is in great part the peace of desolation: he has on most points resigned himself to know that nothing can be known.

In the longer poem which forms the sequel to *Easter Day*, the ostensible writer of the latter poem reveals himself under the title of *Dipsychus*, and in his perilous state of spiritual doubt he is forthwith tempted of the Devil. The scene is Venice.

> wherefore, then,
> Should those old verses come into my mind
> I made last year at Naples? Oh, poor fool!
> Still resting on thyself—a thing ill-worked,
> A moment's thought committed on the moment
> To unripe words and rugged verse:—
> "Through the great sinful streets of Naples as I past,
> With fiercer heat than flamed above my head
> My heart was hot within me; till at last
> My brain was lightened when my tongue had said
> Christ is not risen!"

Spirit.—Christ is not risen? Oh, indeed,
I didn't know that was your creed.

Dip.—So it went on, too lengthy to repeat
"Christ is not risen."

Spirit.— Dear, how odd!
He'll tell us next there is no God!
I thought 'twas in the Bible plain,
On the third day he rose again.

Dip.—Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
As of the unjust, also of the just—
Yea of that Just One, too!
Is He not risen, and shall we not rise?
Oh, we unwise!

Spirit.—H'm! and the tone, then, after all,
Something of the ironical?
Sarcastic, say; or were it fitter
To style it the religious bitter?

The mocking fiend turns out, by and by, to be our old friend Mephistopheles, and the story challenges comparison, somewhat rashly, with that of *Faust*. Dipsychus is plied by him from time to time with every temptation of the World, the Flesh and the Devil, not forgetting the specially seductive one of a hollow conformity. But the siege is a stubborn one, though it seems, time after time, to be about to end in a capitulation. No sooner, however, does Dipsychus come close up to the yielding point than the inevitable pendulum of his thought, steady in nothing but in change, begins to swing off in the opposite direction. Hear how he soliloquises still, when the end is already near :—

O double self!
And I untrue to both? Oh, there are hours,
When love, and faith, and dear domestic ties,
And converse with old friends, and pleasant walks,
Familiar faces, and familiar books,
Study, and art, upliftings unto prayer,

And admiration of the noblest things,
Seem all ignoble only; all is mean,
And nought as I would have it. Then at others,
My mind is in her rest, my heart at home
In all around, my soul secure in place,
And the vext needle perfect to her poles.

But at last he begins to parley: he stands and chaffers with the fiend, and haggles with him for conditions. Obtaining at last such terms as he thinks will enable him eventually to escape, he surrenders himself to the Tempter, "with reservations," while Mephisto chuckling cries:

With reservations! oh, how treasonable!
When I had let you off so reasonable.
* * * * *
With reservations! oh! oh! oh!
But time, my friend, has yet to show
Which of us two will closest fit
The proverb of the Biter Bit.

Clough lived eleven years after he began this poem, but it was never published in his life-time, and was never prepared by him for the press. A sequel, in which *Dipsychus*, having risen to be Lord Chief Justice, lies dying, but unsaved by all his reservations, is incomplete.

There is a moral sourness in some of Clough's writing at this time which we rarely find in him before or after. He, because he was honest, was hardly certain of his daily bread; while others, because they were dishonest, could, under like circumstances, live sumptuously. The small collection called *Poems of Life and Duty* seems to belong largely to this period, and it contains some pieces of a desperate bitterness, such as *The Latest Decalogue*.

Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency;

Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse:
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend.
Honour thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall;
Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive:
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it.
Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat:
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly:
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

His position at University Hall was uncomfortable and precarious. He had confidently hoped to exchange it for a better appointment at Sydney, N.S.W., but instead of that, at the end of his second session, he lost the one and missed the other. So confident had he been of getting the Sydney appointment that he had become engaged to be married. Then came nearly a year of resourceless anxiety. At last Emerson persuaded him to try his fortune in America, and during the session 1852–3, he resided in the neighbourhood of Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass. He was warmly welcomed by Longfellow, Lowell and others of the distinguished professorial circle then existing at Harvard. In Lowell's memorial poem on Agassiz there are portraits of all that circle, including a speaking likeness of Clough: —

And he, our passing guest,
Shy nature, too, and stung with life's unrest,
Whom we too briefly had but could not hold,
Who brought ripe Oxford's culture to our board,
The Past's incalculable hoard,
Mellowed by scutcheoned panes in cloisters old,

Seclusions ivy-hushed, and pavements sweet
With immemorial lisp of musing feet;
Young head time-tonsured smoother than a friar's,
Boy face, but grave with answerless desires,
Poet in all that poets have of best,
But foiled with riddles dark and cloudy aims;
Who now hath found sure rest,
Not by still Isis or historic Thames,
Nor by the Charles he tried to love with me,
But, not misplaced, by Arno's hallowed brim,
Nor scorned by Santa Croce's neighbouring fames,
Haply not mindless, wheresoe'er he be,
Of violets that to-day I scattered over him.

With this may be compared the sketch, probably of himself at twenty-two, given by Clough of the young lover in the Clergyman's First Tale in *Mari Magno:*

He now, o'ertasked at school, a serious boy,
A sort of after-boyhood to enjoy
Appeared—in vigour and in spirit high
And manly grown, but kept the boy's soft eye:
And full of blood, and strong and lithe of limb,
To him 'twas pleasure now to ride, to swim;
The peaks, the glens, the torrents tempted him.
Restless he seemed,—long distances would walk,
And lively was, and vehement in talk.
A wandering life his life had lately been,
Books he had read, the world had little seen.
One former frailty haunted him, a touch
Of something introspective overmuch.
With all his eager motions still there went
A self-correcting and ascetic bent,
That from the obvious good still led astray
And set him travelling on the longest way.

Clough was bidding fair to make some headway in America, when he received word from his friends in England that they had obtained for him a post in the

Education Office. It was an inspectorship, a post very similar to that which his friend Arnold held during the greater part of his career, and in Clough's case the appointment was probably more congenial than in that of Arnold. He had been interested in education from his youth up: he had shared his sister's early interest in the management of the Welsh School (now St. Simon's), in Russell Street, and it is clear from occasional passages in his letters that he had continued to maintain an intelligent interest in popular education. Notwithstanding his brightening prospects, therefore, he accepted the proferred position, and returned to England.

The voyages out and home, and the stay in America, produced a small harvest of poems, which he called *Songs in Absence*. These, also, are probably unrevised: in several cases they seem to be alternative essays on the same theme, which the author had laid by for future selection. The first of this series is both good in itself, and has local interest, as a picture of departure from Liverpool, in the early days of steam, by the *Canada*, a wooden paddle steamer.

Farewell, farewell! Her vans the vessel tries,
His iron might the potent engine plies;
Haste, winged words, and ere 'tis useless, tell
Farewell, farewell, yet once again, farewell.

The docks, the streets, the houses past us fly,
Without a strain the great ship marches by:
Ye fleeting banks take up the words we tell,
And say for us yet once again, farewell.

The waters widen—on without a strain
The strong ship moves upon the open main;
She knows the seas, she hears the true waves swell,
She seems to say, farewell, again, farewell.

The billows whiten and the deep seas heave;
Fly once again, sweet words, to her I leave,
With winds that blow return, and seas that swell,
Farewell, farewell, say once again, farewell.

Fresh in my face, and rippling to my feet
The winds and waves an answer soft repeat,
In sweet, sweet words far brought they seem to tell,
Farewell, farewell, yet once again, farewell.

Night gathers fast; adieu, thou fading shore!
The land we look for next must lie before:
Hence, foolish tears! weak thoughts, no more rebel,
Farewell, farewell, a last, a last farewell.

Yet not, indeed, ah not till more than sea,
And more than space divide my love and me,
Till more than waves and winds between us swell,
Farewell, a last, indeed a last farewell.

Seven or eight years later this outward voyage served Clough as a framework in which to set the collection of tales in verse which he called *Mari Magno*. Then again he gave voice to his delight in the new wonder of steam-navigation:—

Delight it was to feel that wondrous force
That held us steady to our purposed course,
The burning resolute victorious will
'Gainst winds and waves that strives unwavering still.

I have not quoted these four lines exactly as they stand in the collected *Poems*, but have substituted *purposed* for *proposed*, and *strives* for *strive*. It seems to me that these are certainly the words which the poet intended, and that the others are probably due to the compositor. These were his last poems, written during his last illness, and partly in pencil; they were never prepared for publication, and many errors may therefore have escaped the eyes of others which would not have escaped his own.

The seven or eight years which intervene between his return in July, 1853, and these final months of retirement and weak health in 1861, are practically barren. This was to be expected from his former career. But he married in June 1854, and was happy in his family life and in the duties of his office. During the Crimean war he took a deep interest in the work of Miss Nightingale, to whom he was related; and after the war he was sent by the Government on a visit of educational inspection to the great schools of artillery and military engineering on the Continent. His marriage was blessed with offspring; it is to his younger daughter, Miss Blanche Athena Clough, that we owe the recent biography of his celebrated sister. But in 1859 and 1860 his health began to decline, and early in 1861 he was obliged to take six months' leave of absence from his official work. Malvern and Freshwater were tried successively, then Greece and Constantinople, then Auvergne and the Pyrenees, then finally Switzerland and Italy. October found him in Florence, and there he took a malarial fever which left him quite exhausted. In this low condition he was seized by paralysis, a disease which had recently struck down his mother, and on the 13th November he died, aged forty-two. He was buried in the little Protestant cemetery, where Mrs. Browning also had been buried not six months before.

To these few leisured months we owe a considerable body of poetry. Before he left England he had resumed his *Essays in Classical Metres*, and had written some of that last collection called *Miscellaneous Poems*. But it was on his Greek journey that he conceived the plan of *Mari Magno*, and wrote the first and probably the second of the stories: the third was written in the Pyrenees. This first story is that one called *Primitiæ, or Third Cousins*, which has been already mentioned and quoted.

The general plan of *Mari Magno* is partly revealed by its second title, *Tales on Board:* it resembles on a smaller scale that of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. A clergyman, a lawyer, and the writer himself find themselves companions on the outward Atlantic voyage: they are joined by the mate of the vessel, and all agree to tell stories in turn. The clergyman and the lawyer each tell two tales, thus making six in all. Had Clough lived longer there might have been more, for he was busy with the sixth story on his death-bed, and even in the height of his delirium. He was thus cut short in what, from the purely literary point of view, was his most promising poetic effort. By good luck he had here abandoned his hexameters and his still more refractory pentameters, and was content to tell his stories in the traditional heroic couplet, a form very much more suited both to the material of the stories and to his own metrical powers. The merit of the stories is unequal: the Author's Tale is flimsy and rambling, but the Clergyman's Second Tale is a very strong story, powerfully told: and the excellence of this and some of the other stories adds a deeper pathos to Clough's early end. There is a bystander, too, in *Mari Magno*, a New-Englander, whom they nickname the Pilgrim Son: he tells no story, but only interjects a comment now and then: probably he was intended to tell some stories later on. This bystander is probably Lowell, who was actually Clough's fellow-passenger on this outward voyage, and immediately struck up a warm friendship with him (*Life*, p. 181):

Of the New England ancient blood was one;
His youthful spurs in letters he had won;
Unspoilt by that, to Europe late had come,—
Hope long deferred,—and went unspoilt by Europe home.
What racy tales of Yankeeland he had!
Up-country girl, up-country farmer-lad;

The regnant clergy of the time of old
In wig and gown;—tales not to be retold
By me. I could but spoil were I to tell;
Himself must do it who can do it well.

In these poems Clough lays aside for the time the theme of religious doubt and anxiety, but it is not because his doubts have ceased to trouble him: he is *Dipsychus* to the last. He wrote in his later days *Seven Sonnets on the Thought of Death.* Of these, the third gives expression to an inward assurance of immortality. Then the fourth:

But whether in the uncoloured light of truth,
This inward strong assurance be, indeed,
More than the self-willed arbitrary creed,
Manhood's inheritor to the dream of youth;
Whether to shut out fact because forsooth
To live were insupportable unfreed,
Be not or be the service of untruth:
Whether this vital confidence be more
Than his, who upon death's immediate brink,
Knowing, perforce determines to ignore;
Or than the bird's, that when the hunter's near,
Burying her eyesight, can forget her fear,—
Who about this shall tell us what to think?

Opinions respecting Clough's merits as a poet have been widely different. Those who have sympathised strongly with his religious struggles have been generally blind to his defects as an artist. But even Lowell, his firm friend, and not a very exacting critic, chides him gently (in *My Study Windows*) for neglecting the technique of his art; Arnold, too, seems to hint the same thing when in *Thyrsis* he bewails that never more the shepherd-swains shall

See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed:

while Swinburne, in an unjust and ungenerous article in the *Forum* (Oct., 1891), has not scrupled to write—

> There was a bad poet named Clough,
> Whom his friends found it useless to puff;
> For the public, if dull,
> Has not quite such a skull
> As belongs to believers in Clough.

But then, Swinburne is the last man in the world from whom a wise man would seek a sound opinion about Clough. Judged by comparison with Swinburne's mastery of metre, the greater part of Clough's work is little better than doggerel. But there are some confessedly great poets who would not come unscathed out of that ordeal. And as to the matter of Clough's poems, surely it is almost comical to have them judged by one so totally out of sympathy with their purport as Swinburne. One might as well ask for Gallio's opinion about an epistle of St. Paul.

Greater, however, than any achievement which Clough himself attained was the achievement which he prompted in another. In the collected edition of Matthew Arnold's poems the first and second pieces in the section headed Elegiac Poetry are *The Scholar Gipsy* and *Thyrsis*. The latter is explicitly declared to be "a monody, to commemorate the author's friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at Florence, 1861." It has been bracketed with Milton's *Lycidas* as one of the two finest elegiac poems in the language. Certain it is, at any rate, that Arnold never wrote anything finer than this and its companion poem. One hesitates to break up so gem-like a work by quotation, but the fourth and fifth stanzas epitomise well the subject of his grief. They are supposed to be spoken on a winter evening from a height overlooking the city of Oxford:

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick;
And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here too, our shepherd-pipes we first assayed.
Ah me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep—
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields—
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

But this beautiful poem cannot be adequately appreciated by itself: it is full of allusions to the previous poem of *The Scholar Gipsy;* and though Clough himself is not the ostensible subject of that poem, it is distinctly intended to be parabolic of Clough and his career; and it is in that circumstance that the attraction of its subject for Arnold undoubtedly lay. The ostensible ground-work of the poem is a passage in Glanvil's *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, 1661.

There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford who was, by his poverty, forced to leave his studies there, and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars who had

formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies, and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, and told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others; that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned.

But this plain story is by Arnold prolonged and spiritualised. It is retold with a manifest reference to the departure from Oxford of Clough—also impoverished, also embittered, and also searching for some higher truth. The incident of the two scholars is thus worked up:

> But once, years after, in the country lanes,
> Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
> Met him, and of his way of life enquired;
> Whereat he answered, that the gipsy-crew,
> His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
> The workings of men's brains,
> And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
> "And I," he said, "the secret of their art,
> When fully learn'd, will to the world impart;
> But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill."
>
> This said, he left them, and returned no more—
> But rumours hung about the country-side,
> That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
> Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
> In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
> The same the gipsies wore.

And he is said to wander still. The poet believes that he has met him once himself. But no! Is he not dead these hundred years and more?

No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours!
For what wears out the life of mortal men?
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls;
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls
And numb the elastic powers.

* * * *

'Thou waitest for the spark from heaven! and we,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd,
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too?

* * * *

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfixed thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made;
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

This poem, though called elegiac, was written long before Clough's death, and was well known and loved by him. He writes to his American friend, Norton, under the date of Nov. 29, 1853: "I send you M. Arnold's poems. I myself think the Gipsy Scholar is the best. It is *so* true to the Oxford country."

This opinion is sound: Arnold is the laureate bard of Oxford scenery, but it would be out of place to enlarge on that fact here.

I have said nothing about Clough's prose. It consists merely of a revision of Dryden's *Plutarch*, and a few magazine articles. The best of these is his review of the well-known book of Francis Newman, brother of the Cardinal, called *The Soul*. The subject is a congenial one, and he treats it with style and vigour. But relatively to his opportunities and abilities, his out-put of literary work is disappointing. It ought to have been either much greater in bulk, or much more carefully elaborated in quality,—preferably, of course, the latter. It is possible that his characteristic indecision of intellect was linked with an indecision and irresoluteness of will, which paralysed many purposes, and caused others to be very imperfectly fulfilled.

I cannot think that this brief sketch of Clough will have commended him equally to all my hearers. To those who share his doubts he will, perhaps, have appeared to have finely voiced the inmost feelings of their souls: to those of a robuster religious faith he will, perhaps, have been the object of mingled pity and impatience: many will value him for having recorded in poetical form a phase of human feeling otherwise hardly put on record: but to those who value form as well as meaning in poetry, he will appear to have sometimes spoiled a good theme by very careless performance: while to the historian of religious thought he is a typical figure of his age—an age "destitute of faith, but terrified at scepticism." Yet, even to those who are least attracted by Clough himself, I may offer this little paper as a kind of Prolegomena to two of the noblest poems in the language, *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar Gipsy*,—memorial poems of such a splendour that they recall involuntarily the great saying of Milton about Shakspere and his works:

> That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

INTERPRETATIONS OF HISTORY—OLD AND NEW.

By JAMES BIRCHALL.

Philosophies and theories for the interpretation of history are as numerous as they are varied in thought and character. Hegel remarks that every writer proposes to himself a new method, and approaches his task with his own spirit and from his own point of view. Some, indeed, instead of writing history, puzzle their brains to discover how it ought to be written. These theories change from time to time, so that history following, as it were, a law of perpetual beginning, has been subject to reconstruction and transformation from its origin. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Unlike science—calm, cold, and passionless—history is peculiarly sensitive to public opinion, and reflects the particular civilization in which it is produced. The historian cannot, like the scientist, abstract himself from social surroundings, and the prevalent sentiments of his day; and however much he may desire to be impartial, he will be unconsciously dominated by the ideas circulating around him, and the quality of his work will necessarily be determined by them. These observations apply in a special manner to the new *German History* by Professor Karl Lamprecht, of Leipsic, the publication of which has prompted the writing of this paper. In it the author frankly accepts all the new tendencies of the age, and has framed his plan in perfect harmony with its scientific spirit. The originality of his views and the novelty of his methods have given rise to a wide and

animated discussion which reminds one of that which centred round Buckle's great book on the *History of Civilization* a generation back. It was originally intended to confine this paper to a short account of Lamprecht's method; but further reflection suggested that this account would be more interesting if it were placed in connexion with the principal methods of interpreting history which have preceded or led up to the new ideas. No pretension to criticism or argument will be made; the paper will be mainly descriptive, and any questions of philosophy that may arise will be simply stated without any more comment than is necessary to a clear comprehension of them. With these prefatory words I proceed to the subject before us.

The discussion provoked by Buckle's work turned on the possibility of a Science of History. As already pointed out, it was impossible that history could escape the revolution effected in our ideas upon other departments of knowledge by the general diffusion of inductive science. Natural phenomena had been brought within the domain of law; why not, therefore, the more complex phenomena of human society?

The idea of general laws controlling the movements of nations had long been familiar to scientific thinkers on the Continent when Buckle launched upon English readers his principles and method for the explanation of human progress. But it had found small acceptance in England because the prevailing habits of thought, and the tone of higher education in historical subjects unfitted the English mind for its reception. If Buckle's work did not alter this intellectual attitude, it certainly disturbed its equilibrium by showing that a more philosophic treatment of history than had hitherto been adopted, was really

essential to the full comprehension of what was meant by the progress of civilization. English historians have not, indeed, advanced into the speculative regions of philosophy like those of Germany or France; nor have they attempted to construct any scientific system of historical interpretation: but they have responded to the spirit of the age by the adoption of more exacting methods of research and higher conceptions of the part played by moral and intellectual forces in the national development. Moreover, by their patient accumulation of details they have furnished materials which will greatly facilitate the task of interpreting history as a whole, so that it may take its due place in the science of man. The eminent service contributed by Buckle towards this enlargement of the historical horizon has been singularly and most undeservedly forgotten by the younger generation of historians; and it is justly due to his memory and the vastness of his work that a brief exposition of his ideas should occupy our first consideration.

The problem which, in Buckle's opinion, lay at the root of all human history, and which he proposed to himself to solve, was this:—Are the actions of men, and therefore of societies, governed by fixed laws, or are they the result of chance or supernatural interference? For the solution of this question Buckle required assent to the following principles:—

Human actions are due to motives which are determined solely by their antecedents. Since all these antecedents are either in the mind or out of it, all the variations in the results, that is, all the vicissitudes in human history are due to the action of external phenomena upon the mind, and to the action of mind upon phenomena. Consequently, the solution of the question requires such a knowledge of physical and mental science as will enable

the historian to ascertain which of these—Mind or Nature—has exerted the greater influence upon the progress of civilization. The knowledge of this will form the only real foundation upon which a science of history can be constructed. Buckle then proceeds to show in some detail how climate, food, soil, and the general aspects of nature have modified the character and habits of nations, and the general course of human affairs. The first three have indirectly determined the accumulation and distribution of wealth, and the last has directly influenced the accumulation of thought, and all may be regarded as the primary causes of intellectual advancement. The beginnings of civilization thus depend mainly upon external or material conditions. Where these have been propitious, as in Egypt and the corresponding zone in Asia, a comparatively rapid growth of civilization has taken place at a very early period in history, and where they have been relatively unpropitious, as in central and western Europe there has been no such early development.

Testing these conclusions by a reference to history we find that in Europe the obstacles of climate prevented the germination of a primary civilization. But the nature of the soil enforced man to labour to render it productive, while the temperature of the climate invigorated him for the task which necessity imposed. He thereby acquired habits of steady and unflinching industry which inured him to toil, inspired a sense of order, and gave manliness to his character. Moreover, the manifestations of natural forces were on too moderate a scale to disturb the balance of his mind or overawe him with the fears begotten of ignorance. He rose superior to Nature by investigating and experimenting upon her phenomena and ascertaining her laws; and through the knowledge thus acquired his religious interpretation of the Cosmos did not

become darkened with the superstitions of less fortunate nations. European civilization is therefore of the higher or secondary character, and is to be ascribed to the ever increasing dominion which the human mind has gained over the material forces of the natural world. Consequently the laws which have regulated its progress should be sought for in those of the mind.

Turning next to the warmer regions outside the European sphere, where more gracious climatic conditions developed a primary civilization from which that of Europe drew, we find that the intense heat enfeebled the energies of man, while the fertility of the soil, with its abundant return, removed the necessity for exertion. These conditions produced an enormous population which, augmenting the number of labourers, lowered wages and contributed to an unequal distribution of wealth, accompanied by a corresponding inequality of social and political power. Deprived by a military despotism of any control over the wealth they had created, the exploited labourers became listless and servile; their abject minds were held in further subjection by the awe-inspiring potencies of Nature, and superstition usurped the place of that scientific knowledge which in Europe brought freedom with enlightenment. In these regions, accordingly, civilization made little progress beyond the primary stage, acquiring only the elementary rudiments of a certain kind of scientific knowledge, and there remaining. Man was too feeble to overcome his natural surroundings, and the course of social movement was mainly determined by physical laws.

Reverting now to Europe, it has been shown that the key to the interpretation of its civilization is to be found in mental laws. Progress among the great European nations has been a mental progress—that is, moral in

its relation to duty, and intellectual in its relation to a knowledge of the best way to perform that duty.

But since the fundamental principles of morality are virtually unchangeable, being the same in every age, and under every system; and intellectual principles are always changing, through improved methods of inquiry; civilization, which is the product of the two, is continually changing also, and the dominant factor therein is the progressive, and not the stationary one—the intellectual, and not the moral. For this intellectual progress society is indebted to three things:—the amount of knowledge possessed by its ablest men; the direction which that knowledge takes; and the kind of subjects with which it is occupied; and, above all, the extent to which the knowledge is diffused and the freedom of its circulation through society. The totality of this knowledge is the governing factor of the totality of human actions. If the evidence of this knowledge could be collected and generalized from time to time, we might be able to ascertain the whole of the laws which regulate the progress of civilization, and so constitute a science of history.

These are the main doctrines contained in Buckle's theory of history, and the mention of the more important subsidiary ones will complete the outline. Regarding individual effort as of small influence in the great mass of human affairs, distinguished personages, in his estimation, although disturbing forces, are merely the creatures of the age to which they belong. Religion, literature, and government are the products, and not the causes of civilization, the progress of which is fostered by scepticism or the disposition to doubt and investigate; and impeded by credulity, or, as he named it, the "protective spirit"—the disposition to maintain, without examination, established beliefs and usages. Buckle thus attempted to solve his

problem by reducing all human affairs to the principle of natural law, disallowing theological and metaphysical interpretations, and affirming that all progress is the result of additions to knowledge, and not at all the product of direct moral teaching, supernatural or otherwise.

Such opinions, antagonistic as they were to the canons of historical interpretation then prevalent, and offensive to the general tone of religious thought in England, provoked angry controversy on all sides. But there is little doubt that, as inquiry extends and induces more openness of mind and greater independence of judgment, Buckle's ideas of causation in history will be calmly estimated and justly appreciated. It may be that they will be largely accepted without alarming the religious consciousness, just as the once equally distasteful teachings of Darwin have received general acquiescence without undermining, in any perceptible degree, the foundations of religious faith. However this may be, there can be no question that Buckle opened out a new field for historic thought; and he may fairly claim to be the most distinguished precursor, in England, of the rising school which regards the growth of civilization and the development of society and institutions as the ultimate aim of historical inquiry, to which all other inquiries into past conditions are simply subsidiary.

There appeared, indeed, in the last century, in both Scotland and Germany, many writers inspired by the works of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and others, who sought to reduce the phenomena of human society to natural laws; but the reaction which set in after the French Revolution checked this advance towards a rational interpretation of history until it received a fresh impetus by the publication of Comte's *Positive Philosophy* between the years 1830 and 1842. Comte approached his subject

on the lines afterwards adopted by Buckle. He expected to find human character and social existence subject to general laws like all other natural phenomena. These laws were to be sought for by the same methods of observation and experiment which had been applied to the sciences; and the facts of history were to be explained, not by providential intervention, but by the conditions inherent in the successive stages of social existence. Every notable historical situation has sprung from a series of antecedents from which a body of generalizations can be obtained. If these generalizations harmonise with the known laws of human nature, and the actual direction of social progress is that which the properties of man and his dwelling place made antecedently probable, they may then take rank as positive laws, and sociology becomes a science.

Social organization, however, must be viewed as a whole, because the collective phenomena are more accessible to observation than individual phenomena. Each leading group of social phenomena is, moreover, related with other leading groups which modify each other, so that a change in one involves a change in the other. In all these transforming and interpenetrating influences (which will appear again, under other aspects, when we come to the consideration of Lamprecht's methods) Comte saw, as Buckle saw after him, that the predominating agent is Reason, and that the key to the progress of civilized society is intellectual development, which has passed through three successive stages known as Comte's *Law of the Three States*. The first, Theological, wherein natural phenomena were looked upon as the products of immediate volition existing within the object, or due to some supernatural being external to it; the second, Metaphysical, when some abstract force or essence within the

object, yet independent of it, was believed to be the cause of the manifestation; and the third is the Positive State, when both these sets of ideas disappear, and men seek an explanation by placing similar phenomena in mutual relationship with the hope of discovering, by their succession and resemblance, the law which regulates their course.

Applying these conceptions to social phenomena, we perceive that since the world of Nature has been gradually reclaimed from the control of the imagination, and the first fantastic notions of things have given way to the moral, and the moral to the rational, so in the world of men, wherein there seems to be no fixed order, and the connexion of cause and effect is disturbed or concealed from view by so many forces, real and imaginary, caprice and arbitrary intervention will disappear also, and the successive vicissitudes of human affairs will be found obedient to laws perceptible or conceivable. All our ideas in every department of human knowledge will then be homogeneous — all the sciences will be correlated, and the crowning or ultimate science will be Sociology—the science of man as a social being, and history, the record of his progress, will receive its true interpretation.

It should be observed that Comte's object was rather the unification of knowledge than the deduction of any scheme from the facts of history. He was a philosopher, with a preconceived theory of what society ought to be. He accordingly selected certain social phases of the past to exemplify his ideas, and threw little light on the laws of social movement. On the other hand Buckle was an historian generalising facts from which to deduce those laws. The new evolution school of Lamprecht differs from both in this, that it probes into the social organization to find out its factors and formative elements, and the way in which they have severally and collectively

worked to produce historical movement. The successive phases of German thought, of which this school is the latest outcome, now await our consideration.

Germany is preeminently the land of speculative thought, and for more than a century past its literature has been distinguished by a constant succession of remarkable philosophical works, in which the development of society and the sequence of historical causes have occupied a conspicuous position. Previous to this period Germany could not boast the possession of any literature worthy of comparison with that of England, France, or Italy; and although the Reformation was an epoch of great spiritual force and originality, the long wars which followed depressed the spirit of the nation and lowered its intellectual life. Several causes gradually brought about a revival, but the main impulse came from the great sceptical movement which, in France, preceded the outbreak of the Revolution. Contact with French intellect, and the influence of the eminent Frenchmen who flocked to the court of Berlin in the reign of Frederick the Great, produced a remarkable intellectual development; while the stimulating example of the warrior statesman himself profoundly affected the national awakening. Universities and learned societies arose in rapid succession; and before the end of the century German intellect reacted as powerfully on France as French genius had acted on Germany. One of the earliest fruits of this renewed intellectual vigour was the cultivation of abstract philosophy, with an accumulation of erudition and restatement of knowledge from which arose theories explanatory of systems of civilization and the growth and decay of nations. The principal of these so-called Philosophies of History were inspired on the one hand by the schools of Hegel and Schelling, in which history was subordinate to philo-

sophy; and on the other by those of Herder and Vico, where the position was reversed.

The last named of these, but the earliest in date, was an Italian jurist of Naples. He lived when Cartesianism was supplanting the older systems, and when Locke's metaphysical philosophy, as expounded in the *Essay on Human Understanding*, was being disseminated through Europe. Vico's conceptions are set forth in his *Scienza Nuova*, and are mainly drawn from ancient history; mediæval institutions being regarded as supplementary developments of Greek and Roman civilization; and the Reformation, with all its consequences, receiving no consideration. But in tracing the genesis of Roman jurisprudence Vico discarded historical explanations and sought for the origin of law in the human mind, interpreting the historical changes of the one by those of the other. In this respect he is the earliest writer who makes use of those ideas which constitute the modern psychologic-historic method, and he is also the first thinker who asked why we have a science of nature and no science of history. In the development of his method Vico lays down the general idea that God rules the world of nations by natural laws in the same way that He rules Nature, and not by providential interferences or miraculous agencies, according to the belief of the middle ages. And just as the physicist seeks the discovery of the laws of nature by the study of its phenomena, so should the philosopher seek the laws of historic change by the investigation of events and the human mind. Law emanates from the conscience of mankind, and cannot be ascribed to any individual legislator. It was first displayed in the form of natural and necessary usages consecrated by religion, and the names of legislators are only symbols and myths denoting the stages of its development. Here, again, Vico anti-

cipated the opinion of modern historians that great men are essentially the representatives and personifications of their respective ages.

Herder approached the study of history in a poetic and, at the same time, thoroughly naturalistic spirit, and his *Ideas on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind* were first conceived while pacing the deck at night during a voyage to France. The development of literature and art, together with language and national culture, occupies much of his thought; and he strives to show the correlation between the intellectual and emotional life of a people, and the peculiarities of their physical temperament and material environment. Man was a part of Nature, and as such had his share in the cosmic energy; for the earth was a great laboratory for the organization of various creatures, all of which contributed to the forces and influences at work therein. These constituted a variable whole in which man, the highest product of nature, was set as lord, since he alone, among all creatures, was endowed with the capacity for development, subject to, but not limited by, his physical circumstances. In this view history is simply the natural history of human powers, actions and propensities, modified by time and place, and every single element therein can only be fully understood by viewing it in the light of human evolution as a whole. Herder's *Ideas* were partly drawn from Leibnitz's conception of a gradual scale of beings in which the conditions, alike in all stages, were determined by the Deity, and not by any mutual action; and also from Lessing's *Education of the Human Race*, in which these two pregnant truths are affirmed:—a religion, although not absolutely and eternally true, may be of great benefit in satisfying the needs and aspirations of a people in certain epochs of their history; and notwithstanding ap-

parent reactions, a progressive movement towards higher intellectual and moral ideals is manifest in the course of human affairs. This doctrine of an upward progress of man from the savage state had taken root in the philosophical conceptions of Bacon, Descartes, and Pascal; Vico had distinctly applied it to history in his work already quoted; and it was adopted by many prominent writers in the eighteenth century.

One marked effect of the French Revolution was the creation of a bitter feeling against the past, because all the miseries of the age were believed to have arisen out of it. A school of young German authors, known as that of *Sturm und Drang*, of which Herder was the leader, was to some extent stirred by the same feeling, but from other motives. Discontent with the present and the recent past, and a contempt for law, superstition and the conventionalism in which men had lived for generations back, formed its most prominent features. The reaction which set in against such sentiments, together with the doctrines of Fichte, gave rise to the Romantic School, and brought about a distinct change of historical feeling amounting, indeed, to a revolution.

When, after a long period of depression, historical literature revived about the middle of the eighteenth century, the new writers had no works before them which could serve as models for a philosophical retrospect of the past. There existed only contemporary chronicles, or histories confined to a very recent past, which required no historical insight or ability to comprehend a culture, religion, or politics not within the writer's experience. The new historians, therefore, who undertook the survey of the ages which had preceded their own, exhibited a singular inability to appreciate these ages justly; they had little or no conception of the forces at work beneath

the broad surface they surveyed; while their historical vision was distorted by the moral prejudices of the day, and a pernicious tendency to depict the past in the garb of the present. The long Middle Age was a puzzle to them. In their view it was a period of darkness, crime, and fanaticism, deserving only of contempt, and utterly unworthy of study. The Romantic School changed all this. Sympathy with the past, and especially with the Middle Ages, was warmly inculcated. Where men had seen only barbarism and superstition they now beheld beautiful architecture, nobility of character, chivalry, piety and grace; and the once despised Dark Ages became the heroic age of Christendom. Although this change of opinion was more sentimental than intellectual it brought a period of which little was known within the circle of serious historical study, and began those researches into mediæval life, laws and customs which, continued with increasing earnestness ever since, have completely altered all former conceptions of the great period wherein the most powerful nations of the modern world, with their social and political institutions, took root and grew. To this school belonged Schlegel, whose *Philosophy of History*, from the stand-point of Catholicism and orthodox theology, is fairly well known; its philosopher was Schelling, and its jurist, Savigny. Savigny made the Germans a nation of historic thinkers, and every branch of knowledge felt his influence; language with Grimm; geography with Humboldt and Ritter; and philosophy with Hegel.

According to his views, law was part and parcel of the national life, and like language, proceeded from the primitive character and experience of the nation, and not from the government or any sovereign legislator. The power to adapt laws to emergencies as they arose was latent in

the national conscience; the force that made the past also prepared the future, and the fortunes of each generation were subject to its inherited conditions.

So far history, as commonly understood, had been made use of as subservient to philosophy and law, and it was Niebuhr's *History of Rome* which originated the evolution of true historical science. Working back from the known to the unknown, from effect to cause — a method which can be fairly applied to the obscure periods of national origins—Niebuhr drew inferences from myths, ballads, and traditions whereby he recovered much of the unrecorded early history of the Roman people. Ethnological distinctions as factors in history were considered to be of the first importance, and laws, institutions, tendencies, and social traits of greater value than individuals or shadowy lawgivers. The method of the book indicated the theory that if truth lies imbedded beneath tradition it can again be brought to light, because the processes of history are so well defined. Briefly, it was a manifestation of the new doctrine of fixed lines, invariable laws, and over-ruled action of men.

Niebuhr, however, was not so much an historian as an historical critic, and it was the critical spirit which he imparted to his successors. Ranke, whom he recognized as the first of historians, brought the like spirit to bear upon the new mediæval studies, and authorities of every description were sought out and tested with such vigorous scrutiny that nothing spurious or doubtful could stand the strain. It was under this influence that the splendid collection of original national records, known as the *Monumenta Germanæ Historicæ*, was planned by Baron Stein, and edited by Pertz, who devoted his life to the work. Its appearance spurred every leading state in Europe to unearth its historical treasures, and England, by the

gradual publication of its rolls, has liberally responded to this awakened desire to know the real foundations on which historical work is built.

Contemporary with this movement appeared the philosophical system of Hegel which intensified the critical and sceptical spirit. He completed the tendency which had set in with Savigny and Niebuhr, and which still marks the course of German thought, viz.:—that all things are subject to intelligible law, and that resistless cause is a simpler explanation of human action than the confused conflict of free will.

Hegel's conception of history was based on his conception of nature, which resembled that of Schelling in some points. Both regarded existence as a process of evolution—a *becoming*—but differed as to the ultimate motive of this process. Schelling considered nature and mind as forming the negative and positive poles of the one absolute spiritual principle or intelligence, which he named the *Weltseele*. This principle animated the world, which was one organism, governed by one principle of organic development. So Hegel displayed the history of the world, by the light of scientific unity, as the manifestation of a single force whose works are all-wise and whose latest work is best. Again, while Schelling held that all organic forms are at the bottom but one organization, Hegel held that all are contemporaneous, nature knowing neither past nor present, spirit alone having a history. Therefore, he says, philosophy should approach the contemplation of history with the simple conception of Reason as the sovereign of the world. Reason is the Infinite Energy, the *Weltgeist*, the Spirit of the Universe; it is also the Infinite Substance underlying all the natural and spiritual life which it originates and sets in motion. Imperfect humanity is in bondage to the latter, and cannot attain

perfect social existence until Reason, the Infinite Spirit, is free. In plain words, the essence of the universe is a process of thought from the abstract to the concrete, and a right understanding of this process gives the key for interpreting the evolution of European philosophy, and of history, as a record of the operation and succession of ideas, rather than of men and events.

Applying these doctrines to the course of human affairs Hegel shows, by a review of the history of the world, that all communities, political and religious, are based upon certain principles which are the objective manifestation of Infinite Reason—the teachings of that essential intelligence in which man's intellectual and moral life originates. Man is born into a world of natural objects and a constitution of society wherein he feels bound to comply with requirements whose justice and propriety he may not judge, though they may tax his endurance and demand the sacrifice of his life. In striving to emancipate himself he reaches, through successive phases of ideas, a higher civilization wherein an equal self-sacrifice may be required, but where he feels that the laws are just and necessary. It is the aim of a philosophy of history to show these successive phases through which humanity has striven to attain that rational freedom, that emancipation of the Spirit which is the ultimate goal of all human progress. Every grade in this progress exhibits a strict correspondence between the mental and moral conditions of men and their social and religious conditions, that is, between the subjective and objective manifestations of Reason Where mere nature predominates, mental and moral life are at the lowest point, religion is brutish and sensual, and legal relations are based on natural distinctions alone. Where, on the other hand, Spirit has achieved its freedom, both against tyranny from without and lust and passion

from within, religion will be pure, the object of adoration will be just and holy, and the laws and political constitution will reflect that rational subordination of nature to reason, and that complete development of itself to which Spirit is ever aspiring. The history of mankind is in this view a history of the development of the Free Spirit through all the forms of political organization. The first is that of the Oriental monarchies, in which freedom belongs to the monarch only. This is despotism. The second is the democracy of the Greek and Roman republics, in which a select body of citizens alone are free, supported on a basis of slavery; and the third form is found in the nationalities which have sprung from the Teutonic races that overthrew Rome, among whom freedom is recognized as the natural right of every member of the community. These conceptions gave a powerful stimulus to the study of the historic development of human thought and society. At the present day they hold a definite position in English ethical thought, while the predominance of the new historic method is not a little due to their influence.

The most active of Hegel's disciples interpreted his doctrines in a revolutionary sense, and from them arose the famous Tubingen school, whose theologians sought to discover the natural factors out of which Christianity arose in the world. Baur, the leader of this school, maintained that the first four Pauline epistles were the only genuine foundations of Christianity; while Strauss, his pupil, resolved the Gospel narratives into a series of myths.

This spirit of excessive doubt pervaded all departments of historical inquiry. It was the age when the Tell legends were critically examined and shown to be unauthentic, and when it came to be an accepted belief that since human testimony is hopelessly unreliable, ideas, and not facts,

constitute the surest basis of history. This, indeed, was the declared opinion of Baur, and in the enforcement of it he thought to reconcile the opposing schools of Hegel and Ranke. Ranke adopted an idealistic view of the world. All history is fundamentally a divine mystery, and the real world, *Welt der Wahrheit*, is not that of our ordinary life, which is a world of appearance, *Welt des Scheins*, applicable to our reason. This real world is filled by a mysterious Being, invisible to man and beyond the comprehension of his reason; but He manifests Himself in the products of human actions, because they are determined by Him. The aim of a philosophical study of history is to view these actions as parts of a world movement, and to discover how far the agents therein, whether individuals, nations, or states express the powers which work through them. These powers, while operating in the world, are connected in some mysterious way with God, and they are the "Ideas" that Ranke so often mentions — the "higher potencies," the powers of the living *Geist* which move the world.

All this ideology is irrational to the scientific spirit of the present day. But Ranke's influence has extended over two generations of his countrymen, and his disciples, self-styled *Jungrankianer*, form a numerous body, whose researches have extended into many subjects contributory to a clearer and wider comprehension of history. In this work they have fallen under the influence of the ruling spirit of the time. Questions of population, rent, protection, and the sources of wealth have been discussed by Roscher; Professor Riehl has taken up Buckle's contention, and shown how the character and social condition of a people are determined by the geographical and climatic nature of the land wherein they dwell; and Schoefer, pursuing another direction in his *True Sphere of Historical*

Work (1888), has pointed out that while the veritable facts of history, and the actions of leading men, are of prime importance, the main and essential motor should be sought in moral forces; the psychology of peoples, economic history, and the history of law being auxiliary to, but distinct from, history itself. And finally, for the list might be continued, Gothein, in considering the *Problem of the History of Civilization* (1889), affirms that political history forms only a chapter, and the history of civilization only a special manifestation of human activity, and that the task of the historian is to disentangle the complexity of facts and place in clear light the ideas they express, since the study of the world's history plainly shows that humanity has been led more by ideas than by facts.

It is the great merit of Lamprecht's new history that it comprehends in one view all these various aspects of the national development, and explains that development by the forces inherent in the national life and activity. His work is for the German people what Green's is for the English, except that it is more rigidly scientific, according to the bent of German intellect. The body politic is handled after the manner of the physiologist. The primary cells of the earliest and simplest life are traced out and followed through the various stages of their evolution into the complex social organism of the present day.

In the application of this scientific method Lamprecht finds two sets of factors to whose action he attributes the infinite variety of events in all the movements of each epoch.* These factors are, first — the forces which are directly due to the influence and actions of great personalities; and next — the social-psychic factors which are

*It is rather in a separate article, *Was ist Kulturgeschichte*, printed in the *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Geschichtswissenschaft* for 1896 that Lamprecht sets forth the ideas on which his *Deutsche Geschichte*, published earlier, was written.

existent in the social, moral, intellectual, and religious habits of the community, and exert a far more preponderating influence than the personal factors. For while recognizing the part played by those who rise above the common spirit of their age, Lamprecht holds that the impulse they give to national development is of small consequence, when it is considered that in the main directions of this development, in customs, traditions, language, modes of thought, industry, laws even, their influence is slight. The actions of a great leader are rather to be attributed to the impressions he receives from his nation and his age. He is the synthesis of the universal ideas of his time; he responds to the aspirations of the national conscience and gives reality to them; and his mode of action, tone of thought, and style of expression are drawn from the same source. On the other hand he contributes something from himself, and by the force of his genius gives fulness and precision to the national tendencies, and these, when assimilated and modified by the nation, add fresh constituents for the invigoration of historic life. For these reasons true historical study should always begin with the nation, viewed, not as a mere aggregation of individuals, but as a living personality endowed with its own soul-life, in which the composite entity is built up of individuals dependent one upon the other, like the cells of an organic body. When this truth is fully realized mere political and military transactions will be of minor importance in comparison with the genuine historic life of a people, and the reciprocal actions which communities exchange with each other. The progress of society and civilization will then be found dependent upon those other and more potent factors already named. First — upon the conditions of climate, soil, configuration of land and

sea, and other geographical and physical features; and next, upon certain modes of thought and feeling, religious, moral, intellectual, aesthetic, political, economic, and so forth, which impose themselves upon a people, and constitute the psychological and sociological, as the former constitute the natural conditions under which a community exists and grows. But while the physical factors are purely conditions, contributing continuous influences toward historical variation, the others are the inherent causes, the motives, the living working forces which initiate and keep in motion all social movements, and give impulse to historic growth. It is by these psycho-sociological factors alone that the problem of the evolution of society and civilization, which Buckle attempted to solve, can be determined. They are for history, as has been forcibly expressed, what mathematics are for physics, with this difference: that while in mathematics the physicist is sure of the absolute certainty of his calculations, the historian can, at the best, depend only on probabilities and hypotheses. Yet, these present to him so many fresh points of view, and such a crowd of questions hitherto unsuspected, that his subject expands to almost unlimited proportions, and demands from him qualifications and knowledge equally comprehensive—a desideratum which Buckle very forcibly urged in his *Civilization*.

In Lamprecht's estimation, then, the social-psychic factors constitute a working basis by which, with the aid of ethnology, psychology, and physiology, we may discover the foundations of historic life. In this investigation it is the joint action of the factors that must be taken into account, since none of them, whether moral, intellectual, or material, acts independently as an agent of progress. Further, they are all interwoven with each other in their activity; the product, again, of this interaction is itself

the resultant of similar products in the past; and this last, in its turn, is a causative factor for future products. The factors, once more, vary from age to age, and this variation may be generally distinguished into periods corresponding to the gradations of civilization and national development. Lamprecht furnishes us with a scheme of such civilizatian-periods applicable to the history of any country whose inhabitants have grown to be a nation; since, these stages being absent, there can be no development, and consequently no nation. The periods are determined by statistics, and they are further defined by the limits within which the highest level of a particular kind of civilization is apparent. No chronological limits, however, can be assigned to them. Certain factors may continue from one period to another, the oldest with the youngest, and it is the oldest whose influence is strongest. The force of these is felt through the whole civilized body, and although their interaction with new factors may considerably modify this force in the successive evolutionary stages it is not enfeebled. Such factors are those which are bound up in industry, language, and the aspirations which give rise to art. In the earlier stages, when customs, morals, and law depend more upon industrial life than in the later stages of greater social complexity they exert a predominant influence. In the most primitive stage the social body is held together by the ties of language and industry; as the psychic factors come into stronger play, religious organizations for worship and ritual appear; then follow higher social-psychic factors productive of art and science; and finally come codes of laws, and for the maintenance of these the State, which is the highest and most powerful organization, and personifies all, as the nation is the sum of all the natural group formations.

Such are, in their essential principles, Lamprecht's leading ideas, remarkable alike for their originality and novelty of method. They have provoked a controversy of no mean proportions, which has become almost personal, through the accusation that his critics, mainly *Jungrankianer*, are incapable of understanding the laws and real foundations of the subject they profess. The main points at issue cover the whole scope, object, and method of history, but the two most keenly contested are the part which personal genius has played in human progress, and the claim made for history to take rank as an exact science. The discussion on the former point has begotten for the rival schools the distinctive names of *Individualist*, applied to Ranke's adherents, and *Collectivist*, adopted by those who follow the new leader, because the elder school considers that the State and the great men who have swayed its destinies should occupy the central position on the historic canvas, while the younger, not denying the effect of individual action in historic development, esteems it of small account in comparison with what has been done by collective effort and general concurrence. The claim urged for history as an exact science is too large and difficult a question to be discussed *en passant* in a paper of this character, and another opportunity may probably arise for its consideration. The real problem taken up by Lamprecht is to find in history its own explanation—to discover, by the aid of psychology, sociology, and the methods pursued in the study of natural science, the inherent causes of the progress of society and civilization, and thereby show how the world of men and nations has grown into what it is at this day. If the point of view from which this investigation is made is that of rational evolution, it is not thereby assumed that there has been, to use Kingsley's fine expression, no "Strategy of

Providence" in the revolutions of the world. Rather does it imply that all great movements, drawing with them the lesser ones, are under the control of laws, like all things in the universe, and that the discovery of these laws will furnish the solution desired. If a rationalistic point of view is adopted in studying the evolution of history, the teleological argument, which has fallen out of fashion in these days, appears to be no more affected by it than it has been by the theory of physical evolution. That argument, based on the regularities, adjustments, and harmonies in Nature points to Mind or Intelligence as the prime cause of all life and movement. The recent advances of science, especially in biological science, have only changed its form of presentation, while they have actually widened its scope and displayed grander views of design than were possible to a generation less advanced in knowledge. Still more does a philosophical survey of the history of the world, as a whole, strengthen the argument. Is it not manifest that from the beginning of history there has been a persistent upward progress, notwithstanding stagnation, reaction, and retrogression in times and nations; that the final goal of the evolution of life, so far as it has proceeded, is the perfecting of human nature and of human society; and that the eternal source of this incessant striving through ill to good, this perpetual aspiration of the spirit to be free, as Hegel expressed it, is a Power, name it as we will, which combines and shapes events, through laws imposed thereon, for some particular end—the end of truth and righteousness, and the attainment of human happiness?

ON THE INFLUENCE OF POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS ALLEGORY ON EUROPEAN THOUGHT FOR 600 YEARS, AND A COMPARISON BETWEEN A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, BY A FRENCH MONK, IN THE 14TH CENTURY, AND BUNYAN'S *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS* IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

By J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D., Lond. (Ex.-Pres.)

The origin of the following Paper was an advertisement in a second-hand book catalogue of a book entitled *Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme*—"The Booke of the Pylgrymage of Man"—by Guillaume de Guilleville, a French monk, about A.D. 1350.

It was translated into English by an English monk, John Lidgat, of the Benedictine Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, about the year 1426, and was republished by subscription in 1858 in its antique French and the English of the pre-Chaucerian period. This republication was only about forty years since; but the work is still so little known, and is so seldom met with, that when the existence of a mediæval allegory, having the title of a *Pilgrimage of Man*, was mentioned in conversation, previous to the production of this Paper, the question was put more than once or twice, "Was Bunyan, then, merely a copyist of this old French monk, and is his *Pilgrim's Progress* merely an imitation instead of an original work? The answer to this question is an emphatic No, and the object of this Paper is to compare the one with the other, and trace them both to their common origin, if they had one, at the same time shewing their different characteristic features which prove them both to be original works by original

minds, with no probability of Bunyan having ever seen or heard of the work of the French monk of three hundred years previously.

Although the French pilgrimage was translated into Dutch, with illustrative wood cuts, and into English by John Lidgat about a hundred years afterwards, and later still by Chaucer, and about fifty years later still into more modern French, with coloured illustrations, so little is known about its author that the following short notice, translated from the *Biographie Universelle*, contains nearly all that is known of him.

"Guillaume de Guilleville was born in Paris about 1295. He took the habit of a monk of St. Bernard in the Abbey of Chaliz, became prior of that abbey, and died there about 1360." He lived, therefore, in a very troubled period of French history, seven kings having reigned during his life of 65 years. Of these seven, one received the sobriquet of the "Hardy," another of the "Fair," another the "Headstrong," another reigned only a few days, and the last of the seven died suddenly in the Savoy in London. Three English kings during the same period—Edward I always fighting, Edward II murdered, and Edward III also, continually at war with France—contributed little to make life happy or tranquil then, and prepares us for the desire of the French monk to look for a heavenly Jerusalem where there should be joy and peace for ever. His short biography further states:—"He composed the *Romaunce of Three Pilgrimages*—the first, that of man during his life time; the second, that of the soul after its separation from the body; and the third, the pilgrimage of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. He acknowledges that it was reading the *Romaunce of the Rose* which suggested to him the idea of his work, and he adopts the figurative idea of having, in a dream, seen the vision of

the Heavenly Jerusalem which filled him with the desire of contemplating in reality a city so full of marvels."

This is his entire biography so far as is known; and the Pilgrimage of Man, now to be described, is the only portion remaining of his three Romaunces, if, indeed, he ever carried out his dream of the Pilgrimage of the soul after death, or that of our Lord and Saviour. His *Pilgrimage of Man* gives no indication in its close of his having carried his dream any further; it says, instead, that his dream ended.

The First Great Mediæval Allegory—"The Romaunce of the Rose," 1st Part, A.D., 1225, which seems to have originated the Monk's "Pilgrimage of Man."

The European world was more occupied in fighting than in intellectual fiction during the centuries between the fall of the Roman Empire and the practical substitution for it of the Papal power. But in the 13th century a young French troubadour, named Guillaume de Loris, about A.D. 1225, issued a fragment of literature of a kind previously forgotten or unknown in Europe, in the shape of an Allegory, to which he gave the name of the *Romaunce of the Rose*—"Roman de la Rose." In it he pictured the object of his heart's devotion as a beautiful rose in the centre of a garden of delight, but encompassed by an almost impassable wall, representing the difficulties of access to it; by the further bar to success caused by other aspirants desirous of obtaining it; and also by the thorns which wound those who might attempt to grasp the exquisite blossom. To these various surroundings he gave the names of the Garden of Delight, kept by the doorkeeper Idleness—the Fragrance of his love steadily increasing; and at length the enjoyment of a kiss as an acknowledged response. But before the attainment of his

beautiful flower he met with the difficulties of access interposed by the obstacles of envious rivals—the social criticisms of the Mrs. Grundy of the time, and the embarrassing examination of the state of his bank-book by the cultivator of the Rose, the father of his beloved. All this he described in the sometimes extravagant, sometimes die-away strains of the troubadours of the period, and the unhappy youth died of love, or of consumption, before he was twenty-five years of age, leaving the *Romaunce* in an unfinished state.

2ND PART, ABOUT A.D. 1275.

Practically speaking, this allegorical romance produced little apparent influence upon European thought at the time, but some fifty years afterwards, about A.D. 1270, another French author, Jean de Meung,* continued the allegory, either attracted by its inherent merits, or thinking the title likely to be a popular paying one. He was, however, a man of totally different mental character and surroundings from the youthful troubadour; and although at the commencement of his work he adopted for a short time the love-sick style of De Loris, he very soon dropped it, and launched out into the keenest and bitterest satire upon the state of Europe of his period, which was the time of the melancholy death of Louis IX (St. Louis), of the conquest of Naples and Sicily by Charles of Anjou, and of the massacre called the Sicilian Vespers which resulted from his tyranny. He exposed, in the most trenchant terms, the wickedness of every rank of life, from the king on the throne to the disbanded ruffians of the mercenary soldiery of the period, and the consequent destitution and

* The name is spelt in several different ways, as was so common at that date and even long afterwards, but there is no difficulty in identifying them all as referring to the same person.

misery of the lowest stratum of the community; but above all he denounced the wickedness, corruption, and infidelity of the clergy, especially in the monasteries, which he seems to have hated with a deadly hatred, though his work throughout indicates an earnest religious spirit on his own part, tinctured, however, by the free-thinking which was arising in the minds of thoughtful men of the period. His addition to the first portion of the *Romaunce of the Rose* was twice as great as the original fragment, and it gave such a picture of the condition of the period that it seems to have been accepted as a true representation of all Europe; for it ran like wild-fire throughout the Continent, and has furnished a storehouse from which historians, poets, and controversialists have drawn their materials for representing the condition of mediæval Europe.

Second Great Mediæval Allegory—"The Vision of Piers the Ploughman;" or, "of Piers Plowman," about A.D. 1377.

The next great allegory of the period was widely different in many respects from the *Romaunce of the Rose*, although resembling it in the important feature of being a living picture of the times in which it was written, in consequence of which it also is a valuable historical work, as well as being an imaginative poetical one. It was written, moreover, by an English monk of the monastery in the Malvern Hills in Worcestershire, instead of by a French troubadour, and its religious tone is much more strongly marked than that of the *Romaunce of the Rose*, though it contains nothing that can be spoken of as a Pilgrimage.

The period at which it was written was one of almost unbroken warfare, pestilence, famine, and suffering in England during the wars of Edward III in France; and the monkish author of the alleged vision, surveying in his

mind's eye the English world, saw in it such wickedness and suffering that he looked in vain for true religion, and apparently thought, with many others at that time, that anti-Christ and the end of the world were at hand, and that the miseries of the period were the judgment from heaven for the wickedness of all classes of the community.

As regards the allegory itself, the author assumes that in a dream the whole world passed before his eyes in a vast plain, and that an interpreter explained some, but not all of the scenes that passed before him. In successive tableaux he beheld wickedness in high places, from the king downwards; for the monarch was draining his dominion and his people to carry on selfish wars; the feudal nobles oppressed and practically enslaved the peasantry; the wealthy ruined their debtors by usury; the church, and especially the monks (the author being a monk himself, and therefore familiar with them), were idle, greedy, and inexpressibly corrupt; the judges took bribes to give corrupt judgments; the merchants cheated by every means in their power; fashionable people were full of wickedness; and he was driven at last to the conviction that the only home in the world remaining for Christianity or true religion of any kind was amongst the labouring agricultural population; who, just living from hand to mouth, and having little to enjoy in this world, set their affections on things above, and looked for the bliss in the future promised to those who believe in Christ sincerely and keep his commandments. It was this conviction as to the comparative virtue in the labouring class which gave the title to his allegory, which was a vision relating to an imaginary ploughman whom he called Piers—a term that has been mistakenly converted into a proper name as *The Vision of Piers Plowman.*

If we now look at the allegory in its historical aspect,

we cease to wonder at the turbulence of the period. In 1348 and 1349, and again about twelve years afterwards, there were fearful pestilences which devastated England and swept off nearly half its population. These were followed in 1362 by a terrible and destructive hurricane, the memory of which long remained. The streets in the towns and the roads throughout England were occupied by zealots denouncing the corruption of all classes, and foretelling still worse miseries, and proclaiming aloud that the end of the world was at hand. At this period it was that the author of the allegory wrote his vision denouncing the wickedness of all classes of the community, and at the same time constantly urging on them all obedience to rulers, and consistent piety and morality. The truthfulness of the vision appealed so forcibly to all sufferers that it became a favourite theme among all popular reformers until the time of the "Reformation," when its object seemed in some sense to have been accomplished, and for a time it was little thought of. But again, in Queen Elizabeth's reign and the succeeding Puritan period, many editions of the vision were printed and sold rapidly, and the name of Piers Plowman was not uncommon in the political tracts even of the Stuart times, so great was the influence which this allegory exercised upon the English thought for nearly 300 years. Since that time the vision has become an out-of-date work from the obsolete form of its metre, the difficulty of reading its Anglo-Saxon language, and also by the improvement (we may hope) in the political, religious, and social condition of the nation at large.

The immortal allegories of Dante's *Hell*, *Purgatory*, and *Paradise*; of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*; and of Milton's *Paradise Lost* need only to be mentioned to recall to mind the immense, indeed the incalculable influence which

these allegories have exercised upon European thought and religious beliefs; and we may now turn to the comparison between the allegorical pilgrimages of the French monk of 1350 and the English Puritan of three centuries afterwards.

Description and Comparison of the "Pilgrimage of Man," by the French Monk, and the "Pilgrim's Progress," by Bunyan.

They commence very differently, although both assume to have their origin in a dream; for the French monk in his dream sees before him, as in a mirror, a city of surpassing beauty, to which he feels incited to go, although he does not know the way, and merely sees before him a gate so narrow that a full-dressed man could not get through it. He is not driven from his present abode by fear of its being destroyed, but simply by a desire to attain the glories of that wondrously bright city, his only knowledge of which comes from the vision in his dream. He then sees that there are other pilgrims apparently on the way there before him, and that they all have a staff and bag, or scrip, and he thinks it will be necessary for him to have them also, but he does not know how to obtain them. He goes out, therefore, from his house weeping in order to find a guide who can tell him the road and how to get them, and on the way he meets with a lady of such beauty and dignity, and so magnificently clothed as to look like an empress, or at the very least like the daughter of a great king; and the monk describes her apparel and jewellery with as much detail as if he was making a catalogue for a milliner or a jeweller. She accosts him most graciously, and asks why he looks so deplorable, to which he replies that he wants to go to this splendid city, and is in need of a staff and scrip, and that he does not know the way there,

or how to get them. She then informs him that her name is Grace-de-Dieu, and that she is commissioned by the king to direct pilgrims on their way, and to assist them with what they require, and she gives him a staff called HOPE, which he is never to part with under any circumstances; for the part to be grasped by the hand is Jesus Christ, and at the summit is a brilliant carbuncle, the light of the Spirit, which will throw light on his way in dark seasons. She also gives him a scrip called FAITH, in which he is to keep a scroll of directions for his journey (the creed) with which she presents him, and also his provisions, which appear to be sacramental and other spiritual sustenance. She warns him that he will have to meet many dangers, difficulties, and enemies on his way, but that she will always be near him, though he may not see her, and that if he calls earnestly for her, and really means it, she will always be at hand to help him, but it will be no use if he is only half-hearted in calling for her. She then invites him to her beautiful palace (the church) in which she will show him many wonderful things, and will also give him a great deal of good advice for his future course. Before, however, he can get to this palace he sees a river in the way which she tells him he must cross, but he strongly objects, and says he cannot see any bridge or ferry across it, and he does not know how to swim, and he may be drowned if he tries to wade through a river of unknown depth. She gently upbraids him with his cowardice, and says if he is frightened by this first obstacle it is no use his setting off, for no one can get to her palace, or to the beautiful city, without first going through this river, which is the "River of Baptism." He still urges: "Is there no other way?" and receives a definite answer, "No," on which he at length gives in, and says well, if he must he must; but still he wants to know why it is necessary, and

is told that both himself and his garments are so soiled by sin and past offences that he must have both thoroughly washed before she can admit him into her palace, or the King receive him into his city.

It may not be out of place here to contrast the two allegories at the commencement of the pilgrimage, and notice their fundamental differences. The French pilgrim is incited to the journey simply by a dream of surpassing riches and glory which he desires to obtain, and there is no account of any past or present dangers from which he hastens to escape. But Bunyan's pilgrim is terrified as to his own fate, and that of the city in which he is living, by what he has read in a Book (the Bible) that is in his hand, and it is dread of this future doom that appears to be the moving impulse in his pilgrimage rather than the vision of future glory which he has gathered only from his Book. The French pilgrim is not described as being burdened by his sins, past or present, while Bunyan's pilgrim is introduced from the very first as carrying such a burden upon his back as hindered him grievously in his onward course. In his uncertainty and distress it is Evangelist who comes to his aid, and he is introduced simply as "a man named Evangelist," without any laudatory epithets. But it is a lady, "Grace-de-Dieu," who meets the monk's pilgrim, and she is elaborately described as to her beauty and dignity, her dress and jewellery, and also her evidently commanding position in life.

Bunyan himself was an itinerant preaching tinker, like many other "Evangelists" of his time, but the world and the high worldly position of the monastic orders in the French monk's time were more appropriately symbolized by the magnificent and gracious "lady," Grace-de-Dieu, than by a simple "woman." It is curious also to note how, almost without exception, the great actors, whether

for good or evil, in the monk's allegory are women; while in Bunyan's they are almost as universally men, the one marked exception being the Virgins in the Palace Beautiful at the summit of the Hill Difficulty in both allegories. The monk knew women only as penitents, sinners, or saints, but the Puritan knew men as the active movers in life, whether as dashing reprobate Cavaliers, or as possibly fanatical but religious Roundheads, or as conquering Ironsides, and their different views of humanity are curiously illustrated in the two allegories. Another striking contrast between the two pictures of pilgrimage is also represented in the first great difficulty that opposes itself before the monkish and the Puritan pilgrims. Europe, in the monk's time, was full of violence and savagery, and, although Christianity was the nominal religion throughout, there was no certainty that the children of the disbanded mercenary soldiers, or of the bandits infesting the forests, had ever been baptised, and, therefore, if any of these classes wished to become pilgrims in the future, with Christian hopes and privileges in view, they must certainly be baptised at the outset. But for a member of such an outlaw class to be baptised would be to subject himself to scoffing at any rate, and to almost certain persecution by his old comrades, and to breaking for ever with all his old habits and associates. No wonder, therefore, that the French pilgrim shrank so fearfully from the River of Baptism. In the present day a Hindoo in India may send his children to Christian schools, and may himself be openly known to be a Christian in belief and no harm will happen to him, except that he may be thought to be an unorthodox Hindoo; but if he once accepts the rite of baptism, he breaks his caste irretrievably, and becomes an outcast from his own family and from all his old surroundings, and he might die in the high road with-

out his nearest relatives being either able or willing to succour him. Within the last sixty years, even in this Christian England, there was an eminently religious community which inflicted the highest penalty in its power by casting out from its communion any of its members who received water-baptism; and some portions of it would not even allow the members to resign their membership previous to baptism in order to avoid the disgrace of expulsion, but insisted upon their remaining nominally members in order that the community might shew its condemnation by publicly expelling them after having received the rite. In Bunyan's time, however, every English child was "Christened" in infancy as a matter of course, and therefore re-baptism was not thought of; and even if the child should grow up an evil-doer, if it wished to amend its ways repentance and a better life in future were all that were demanded. In Bunyan's pilgrim, therefore, there is no allusion to baptism, but his great difficulty, after the commencement of his pilgrimage, was the remorse for his past sins, and the burden upon his conscience which almost swallowed him up in the Slough of Despond, and continued to be a burden almost too heavy for him to bear until it fell off at the sight of the Cross, and was buried in the Sepulchre. Such a burden is not mentioned in the case of the monk's pilgrim, for his past sins and stains were washed away in the River of Baptism, after which he was admitted by Grace-de-Dieu into her beautiful palace (the church), and went on his way rejoicing.

The next contrast to be pointed out between the two pilgrimages was their respective behaviour in the "Palace Beautiful," at the summit of the "Hill Difficulty." Both pilgrims were there armed against future enemies by the Virgins in charge of the armoury, and both received

instructions for the way. Bunyan's pilgrim went down the Hill, fully armed, into the Valley of Humiliation, where he met with Apollyon, and had a dreadful battle in which he came out conqueror at last, though wounded during the fight. The monk's pilgrim, on the contrary, pleaded that he was not accustomed to such armour as they gave him,* and he did not like fighting, and he was sure he should forget the instructions that had been given him, and he begged they would let him have a companion to carry his armour and remind him of what they had told him when he was in doubt. They objected to this because if he himself had not his armour on he might be taken unawares, and be conquered before his companion could come up with it; and he must play the part of a man himself if he would prove a successful pilgrim. The term "Director" is not used in the pilgrim's request, but it seems to be implied by the office his companion was to fill. The Virgins eventually allowed a companion called "Memory" to accompany him and carry his armour, but he objected to her because she (Memory) was blind, though she had eyes in the back of her head. They told him he must take the consequences of that, and that he had asked for someone to remind him of past instructions which she could do, and also of past dangers; but he must himself be on the watch for future dangers if he would avoid them; and the subsequent story of his pilgrimage showed his weakness in trusting to the help of another instead of using his own opportunities for helping himself. Bunyan's pilgrim is throughout a fighting man, combating against the world and the devil, and he comes out at last a scarred but a victorious conqueror. The monk's pilgrim dies a querulous man in his bed in a monastery to which Grace-de-Dieu

* Which was Patience, Temperance, Chastity, Righteousness, Humility, Perseverance, and Prudence.

has conveyed him in a ship called "Religion," having rescued him from peril of death from the snares laid for him by the devil, who had drawn him into the sea of error and nearly drowned him there, having entrapped him in the "net of heresies."

Both pilgrimages furnish interesting scope for comparison throughout; but a leading feature of the monk's narrative consists of long and (at the present day) somewhat wearisome discussions on controversial dogmatic questions; while Bunyan's narrative is one of action and of conflicts, victorious in the end, but showing fluctuations of success and defeat while they were in progress. The contrast becomes more marked as the pilgrimage approaches its conclusion, and deserves fuller elucidation. As his pilgrim's age creeps on, Bunyan exhibits his wonderful insight into the trials and temptations of advanced years, of which, however, in his own person, he could have had little experience, for he was only sixty years old when he died. As an example of this insight, one of the last stages of his pilgrimage exhibits his hero, who had been a life-long combatant, "as overcome in the land of forgetfulness," and almost terminating his warfare against the devil in a condition of utter defeat; in consequence, apparently, of the deceptive thought that he had been a warrior so long, and in some respects so successfully, that he need neither fight nor look out any longer, but might (so to speak) now rest upon his past laurels and give himself up to ease and slothfulness. In this "Enchanted Land" of forgetfulness he therefore becomes entrapped by the enemy of souls, while careless and asleep; and he is only aroused from final spiritual death by the sharp discipline of what would appear to have been some painful infirmity of old age, which arouses him from his condition

of slothfulness and indifference, and revives the Psalmist's prayer, "Forsake me not in my old age when I am gray-headed, until I have shown Thy works to this generation, and Thy power to those that are yet to come," and henceforth he continues his watchfulness against the enemy to the very end.

The monk's pilgrim, for his part, having fallen into almost hopeless danger in the "Sea of Error" is charmed by the sight of a majestic ship approaching, which he finds to be under the guidance of Grace-de-Dieu; and in answer to his question, what must he do to be saved from his dangerous situation, she tells him that her ship is called "Religion," and she should advise him to go into the monastery to which it was bound, and end his days there in peace and safety.

PICTURE OF THE CLOSE OF THE MONK'S PILGRIMAGE, ENDING WITH THE DEATH OF HIS PILGRIM, BUT WITHOUT VISION AS TO HIS FUTURE CONDITION.

To this he consents, and on arrival he is met by two ladies, one called "Worship," carrying a harp for praise continually, and the other called "Prayer," who carries wings about with her and a long gimlet by which she bores a hole through all overhanging clouds or other obstacles that may prevent the access of prayers to the throne on high, the wings with which she furnishes them insuring their ascent to the King. The pilgrim is also here introduced to two old women, one of whom called "Infirmity," walks on crutches, and the other, named "Old Age," carries a mattress upon her head and shoulders. They inform him that they have come to be his companions, but he replies that he does not like them at all, they look so ill-favoured, to which they rejoin that it does not matter whether he likes them or not they will be con-

stantly with him, and the longer he lives the more intimately will they be associated with him; but Infirmity adds that if he behaves civilly she will lend him her crutches; while Old Age, on the contrary, informs him that she will make his life a misery to him until he is ready to welcome Death, but it will all be for his own good. The pilgrim is next seen stretched on a bed of sickness in a gloomy chamber, with his two unfeeling companions attending him. But another inmate of the monastery called "Misericorde" (Pity) now appears, who arranges a swinging cord above his bed-head, within easy reach of his hand, by which he can raise his head a little in bed and change his position when weary. She also gently removes his bed to a brighter chamber, and tells him that these aids for his comfort have been supplied by another minister called "Charity," sent by the King to prepare pilgrims for waiting upon Him. Soon after this he hears Infirmity and Old Age whispering behind his bed-head that his time is about up, and that Death will soon come to take him off, at which he remonstrates warmly, though he now dimly begins to see a figure with something like a dart ready, apparently, to strike him. Misericorde also approaches, and asks him if he sees a very narrow gateway opposite him, for it is through that that he must pass to the heavenly city, and Death is just at hand to strike him. The pilgrim objects that he can never get through such a narrow passage as that, and she replies that he speaks truly if he means that he cannot pass through it as he is, for the soul can never get through and at the same time take the body along with it; therefore he must leave his body behind, and the soul will then be able to go through alone, and "Lo!" she exclaims, "Death is here." But at this exclamation the monk awoke from his dream, and his vision here ends, with no

further intimation as to the future of that soul—either good or bad.

Death of Bunyan's Pilgrim, and his State after Death.

Many radical differences between the conception of the *Pilgrimage of Man*, by the French monk of a century-and-a-half before the Reformation, and by the English Puritan three hundred years later, have passed in review before us, and the last, but not the least striking is now to be considered.

Bunyan's two pilgrims, Christian and Hopeful, have been blessed by a short period of tranquil bliss in the land of Beulah, but the time has now come for them to pass through the river of Death, which furnishes a very different picture from that of the deathbed in the monk's monastery. As they reached the edge, the river was deep and stormy, and their experience in passing through it was different to the two men. Christian has throughout his career been shewn as a man of strong and determined character, beset by many and severe obstacles from within and from without, but fighting manfully and, on the whole, successfully against them. He is first met with in the allegory as a man overwhelmed by terror as to the future, loaded with a burden of past sins almost too heavy for him to bear, and almost lost in despair at first setting out, from the memory of the past and fears as to any chance of eventual success, and these characteristics he carries with him more or less throughout his pilgrimage; always pushing onward, often fearing; always fighting, often wounded; sometimes failing, but always at last victorious. And how does he meet death? He is "sick with desire" to enter the glorious city of which he has always thought, but when at length he came to the brink of the

river separating him from it, he eagerly enquired if there was no other way than through it to the gate of the city, but was answered No; he must go through it or he could never enter the heavenly city. On which he and Hopeful entered the stream, which was very deep. And now Christian's constitutional character again reveals itself, and, recalling his past sins and failures, he begins to sink in the water, and finding no bottom for his feet he cries out "All thy waves and thy storms pass over me, I sink in the deep waters." His early condition of despondency returns upon him, and he fears that he shall never obtain entrance into the city. But Hopeful was passing through the river with him at the same time. He is not represented in the allegory as having been a man of strong constitution either for good or for evil, but to have been blessed with a hopeful and placid disposition, and he replies, "Cheer up, brother; though thou pass through the deep waters they shall not overwhelm thee, and thy King has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'" Then, at these promises, Christian's heart returned, and he felt firm ground under him until they had both passed quite over the river. Then the heavenly host of angels met them with songs of rejoicing, and as they entered the gate of the city they were clothed with raiment that shone like gold, and their faces were, as it were, transfigured. The bells of the city rang for joy, and it was said to them, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord"—And after that, the gates were shut. "Then I awoke, and behold, it was a dream."

After the foregoing comparison of the two pilgrimages it is needless to answer the question put at the outset: "Was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* merely an imitation of the French monk's?" The common original of both is abundantly seen throughout to have been the apocalyptic

vision of the new Jerusalem descending from heaven in the book of the Revelation of St. John; the vision in the temple seen by the prophet Isaiah; the figurative language of many of the Psalms; and the allegorical teaching of our Lord himself, of Whom it is said that He taught the people in parables, and afterwards expounded his parables to his disciples. Among the list of whom, both the Monk and the Puritan are doubtless written as loving and faithful followers of their great Teacher and Leader.

STUDIES OF TENNYSON.

By J. MURRAY MOORE, M.D., F.R.G.S.

III.—Tennyson as a Poet of Humanity.

More than two thousand years ago an African slave-poet put into the mouth of a leading character in one of his plays the grand line—

Homo sum; Humani nihil a me alienum puto.

I am a man, and nought can ever be
Of human life outside my sympathy.

This is the motto of all successive "Poets of Humanity." The quality of qualities which assures to a poet both popularity (sooner or later) and survival is that *sympathetic instinct of humanity* which is based upon a knowledge of actual life; a natural gift of insight into character and motive; a graphic power of description; and an eager desire to help man onward and upward in his career. In Shakspere, our supreme national poet, this instinct of humanity is conspicuous. Even grander than Terence's motto is the world-embracing sentiment—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Although this humanitarianism is essential to every true poet, its degree or amount is variable in each. To my mind, Byron, Goethe and Pope, three poets deservedly called "great," evince but a small amount of this sympathy with humanity; whereas this element abounds in the works of Crabbe, Scott, Burns, Wordsworth, Long-

fellow, the Brownings, Mrs. Hemans, Adelaide Proctor, Tom Hood, and our contemporaries, George R. Sims and Rudyard Kipling, whose verses owe their "grip" of the public to it.

Now that we are enabled by the lapse of time to view Tennyson's life-work as a whole, we can see plainly that many of his shorter poems owe their special charm to his sympathetic instinct of humanity. The late Laureate comes nearer to our hearts in these poems than in his Arthurian Idylls, or in his classical imitations. Tennyson's life, it is true, was not marked by any great vicissitudes, but it is not right to assert, as some critics have done, that *therefore* his knowledge of and sympathy with the toilsome lives of the multitude were defective, and the range and spirit of his poetry narrowed. On the contrary, the poet had a tender heart as well as the highest poetic imagination. Sin, suffering, sorrow, wasted or wrecked lives, and ill-requited servitude were to him as distressful as they were hideous. In the short pieces entitled "Rizpah," "Despair," "The Sisters," "The First Quarrel," "The Wreck," "Romney's Remorse," "The Leper's Bride," and others—all founded upon real incidents—Tennyson has uttered cries from the depths of human hearts as solemn and tragic as the agony of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children."

In his seven masterly dialect poems, and in his "English Idylls" the poet has given us a large gallery of truly English types of character, and has set them in such action and speech as to teach and exemplify the highest ethical truth. If he shows any preference at all, amidst his philosophic freedom from mental bias, and his disregard of caste, for any class of his fellow-countrymen, it is for the peasant, autochthonous and uncorrupted.

Plowmen, shepherds have I found, and more than once,
and still could find,
Sons of God, and kings of men, in utter nobleness of mind;
Truthful, trustful, looking upwards to the practised
hustings-liar,
So the Higher wields the Lower, while the Lower is the
Higher.

The proverbs and quaint sayings, the humorous and pathetic incidents and ideas expressed so forcibly and transliterated so accurately in his dialect poems were gathered in by Tennyson in his earlier years from actual life in Lincolnshire; much of it passed in talks with farmers, shepherds, and labourers. In his middle age, too, he loved to drop in to the cottage, and to draw out the anecdotes and notions of these simple folks, especially those of the aged men upon death and the future life. His capacious and retentive memory held many a mental portrait which he reproduced to the life, from time to time. Note, for example, the characteristic differences between the Northern Farmer of the old style, and the Northern Farmer of the new style; between the spinster and the village wife; and between the squire and the parson.

How painfully the Old Style Farmer reflects the crass ignorance and brutish life of our agricultural classes during the earlier part of this expiring century! Tennyson founded this dialect poem upon the last words of a farm bailiff, who, when dying, remarked, "God A'mighty little knows what He's about, a-taäking me—An' Squoire 'ull be so mad an' all."

This old man of the poem, as he lies on his death-bed, rebels against the doctor for reducing his beer, against the parson for trying to bring him to repentance, and against the Almighty for calling him away. In reviewing his past life, he asserts that he had "always done his duty by the

land, by the parson, by the squire, and by all." And as a set-off against his only confessed sin—Bessy Morris's bairn—he places his meritorious act, the "stubbing" or reclamation of Thurnaby Waste, once all fern and gorse, and haunted by a ghost, but now part sown in clover and giving pasturage to four-score ewes. He used to go to church, certainly, while his wife Sally lived, but to him the parson's voice was but as the booming of the cock-chafer, and he is now going out of the only life he knows into the unknown, with no more definite Christian hope than an African negro! Yet there is one soft spot in his hard dark heart—his affection for the soil from which he sprung, and upon which he has bestowed so much honest and effective labour. The bitter thought that the new-fangled invention of the Devil, the steam plough, might be used by his successor to cut up his beloved land almost reconciles him to death.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap, wi' his kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oän teäm.
Sin' I mun doy, I mun doy, thaw loife they says is sweet,
But sin' I mun doy, I mun doy, for I couldn abeär to see it.

The Northern Farmer of the New Style must be placed thirty years later, for he displays a higher intelligence, and much more ambition. Upon a simple phrase used by a certain rich farmer near Somersby—"When I canters my 'erse along the ramper (highway), I 'ears, proputty, proputty, proputty," Tennyson has constructed one of the wittiest of all dialect poems in our language. It is, like the former piece, a story in monologue. The farmer who speaks has two sons, Samuel and Richard, both apparently better educated and more refined than their father, but the latter, the younger one, more inclining to

the father's gross materialism and love of money. Having heard that Sam, the elder son, has fallen in love with the curate's pretty but penniless daughter, the farmer scolds him for a fool; lays down to him the law of Mammon as *his* Decalogue, and winds up with a threat of disinheritance if his son does not give up his sweetheart. Farmer No. 2 has not even the touch of sentiment that Farmer No. 1 showed about the land. Money is his all-in-all, the source of all power, satisfaction, and happiness. Love is nought unless well gilded; and beauty is a vain thing.

> Luvv, what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass and her munny too,
> Maäkin' 'em goä togither, as they've good right to do.
> Couldn' I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laid by?
> Naäy—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it: reäson why.
> She's a beauty thou thinks—wot's a beauty?—the flower as blaws;
> But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws.

So blinded by covetousness is the old man that boldly contradicts the Divine teaching that it is hard for the rich man to enter Heaven.

> Proputty, proputty's iverything 'ere, an' Sammy, I'm blest
> If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's the best.
> 'Tisn't them as 'as munny as breaks into 'ouses an' steäls,
> Them as 'as coäts to their backs, and taäkes their regular meäls,
> Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl's to be 'ad,
> Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

The Northern Cobbler is a very impressive temperance story, founded upon an actual incident. "A man set up a bottle of gin in his window when he gave up drinking, in order to defy the drink." An amusing anecdote, of

some use to abstainers, shews the realism of this sketch of a reformed inebriate. A lady was reading the Northern Cobbler at a village entertainment, at which the notorious drunkard of the place was present, when she had read this line—

> An' I looked cock-eyed at my noäse, an' I seeäd 'im a gittin' o' fire.

The victim of drink regarded it as a personal affront, and abruptly left the room, muttering, "Women knoäws too much now-a-daäy."

Lincolnshire women with quaint ideas are the speakers in "The Village Wife," and "The Spinster's Sweet-Arts;" while the heroic deed of a black retriever dog, "Old Rover," who saved an infant from a house on fire, and was completely blinded by the flames, is worthily commemorated in "Owd Roä" (written in the poet's 79th year). We are informed in the *Life* that the "Village Wife" is the only individual portrait in all the dialect poems. She reveals her coarse, illiterate, scandal-loving mind, envious of those above her in station, and especially disliking book-learning, which she alleges to have been the ruin of the late squire, once her best customer for eggs and butter. He had brought his family to poverty by a craze for costly old books. She expresses, no doubt, the general sentiment of the village in the words—

> An' booöks, what's booöks? tha knaws they be naither 'ere nor theer;
> We'd enow o' that wi' the squire, an' we haätes booök-larnin' 'ere.

To the end of his long life, Tennyson loved the Lincolnshire dialect, for even so late as his 81st year he gave us the rich humour of the "Churchwarden and the Curate," the composition of which he thoroughly

enjoyed, "laughing heartily at the humorous passages as he made them" (*Life*, II, 380). The *pith* of the worldly-wise advice given by the shrewd old churchwarden to the newly-appointed curate, "Mr. Harry," is, in the last few lines, perhaps even now not unsuitable to those who make the Church a "profession" in which to advance themselves:—

But parson, *'e will speäk out*, saw, now 'e be sixty-seven,
He'll niver swap Owlby an' Scratby fur owt but the Kingdom of Heaven;
An' thou'll be 'is curate 'ere, but if iver tha means to git 'igher,
Tha man tackle the sins o' the world, an' not the faults o' the squire.
An' I reckons tha'll light of a livin' somewheers i' the Wold or the Fen,
If tha cottons down to thy betters, an' keeäps thysen to thysen;
But niver not speäk plaain out, if tha wants to git forrards a bit,
But creeäp along the hedge-bottoms, an' thou'll be a Bishop yit.

The characters drawn from country life, such as the Miller, are vividly portrayed with much humour, but without caricature:—

I see the wealthy Miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow, wise smile that round about
His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
&c., &c.

Old Philip, the self-satisfied chatterer in "The Brook," is a perfect picture in verse of an old settler with whom I had frequent intercourse in the "bush" of New Zealand, during my long residence there. In a few lines Tennyson

sketches the monotonous and unceasing babbling of the old man in a double Nature-simile:—

> But Philip chattered more than brook or bird:
> Old Philip: all about the fields you caught
> His weary day-long chirping, like the dry
> High-elbowed grigs that leap in summer grass.

Far more genial is the portrait of Philip's daughter, Katie Willows, a country lass of sweet seventeen:

> A maiden of our century, yet most meek,
> A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse,
> Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
> Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
> In gloss and hue the chesnut, when the shell
> Divides three-fold to show the fruit within.

And her simple, natural, wholesome mind is aptly touched off thus:—

> . . . . . Less of sentiment than sense
> Had Katie; not illiterate, nor of those
> Who, dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
> And nurs'd by mealy-mouthed philanthropies,
> Divorce the feeling from her mate, the deed.

The Laureate, though proud of his own aristocratic descent, and not under-valuing "blue blood," is almost always severe on the squires and the aristocracy. His scornful lines about Lady Clara Vere de Vere; and his sarcastic "tenth transmitter of a foolish face;" his descriptions of the "baby-faced lord" who married Maud—Maud of the "clear-cut, cold face," of the "faultily faultless, icily regular" features and golden hair; of the squire of Locksley Hall, who, "like a dog, hunted in his dreams;" and of the "old pheasant lords" in "Aylmer's Field"—these passages were not calculated to ingratiate him with that haughty class of peers whose august House he entered by the grace of his Sovereign, and as a merited

reward of genius, nine years before his death. Our territorial and hereditary noblemen would do well to ponder over the indignant speech of Leolin Averill, the lover of Sir Aylmer's daughter, rejected simply because he is not of "blue blood"—

> These partridge-breeders of a thousand years,
> Who had mildewed in their thousands, doing nothing
> Since Egbert—why the greater their disgrace.
> Fall back upon a name! rest, rot in that!
> Not *keep* it noble, make it nobler? fools
> With such a vantage-ground for nobleness!

Yet the poet gives us one most appreciative portrait of a titled friend (probably Sir John Simeon) in the introduction to "The Princess"—

> And there we saw Sir Walter, where he stood
> Among six boys, head under head, and looked
> A great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman,
> A lord of fat prize-oxen, and of sheep,
> A raiser of huge melons, and of pine,
> A patron of some thirty charities,
> A pamphleteer on guano, and on grain,
> A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none:
> Fair-haired, and redder than a windy morn.

The poet during his later life saw the importance of bringing the nobility into practical and friendly touch with the proletariat. He himself set the example by occasionally entertaining parties of working men and lads at Aldworth. Some noblemen have already put into execution the admirable suggestion of his lines—

> Why should not these great sirs
> Give up their parks some dozen times a year
> To let the people breathe?

The humanitarianism of Tennyson's real self is displayed in many passages in his *Life*, which show that in the amelioration of the lives of the toilers he was always

interested. The Rev. F. D. Maurice and Canon Kingsley exchanged counsel and encouragement with the poets—

> How best to keep the slender store,
> How mend the dwellings of the poor,
> How gain in life, as life advances,
> Valour and charity more and more.

And now let us select from the poet's "English Idylls," or "Idylls of the Hearth" as he first called them, a few of these character sketches which shew his true knowledge of humanity in everyday life. Of these poems I consider "Dora," "Sea-Dreams," and "Enoch Arden" as the best. Of "Dora," the old poet Wordsworth, a man sparing of his praise and careful of his words, said to its author, in 1846, "Mr. Tennyson, I have been endeavouring all my life to write a pastoral like your "Dora," and have not succeeded." No higher encomium from so stern a judge could be conceived. In diction which is so simple that in the 165 lines of the poem there are only a dozen words of three syllables, we have a complete tale of country life, illustrating the havoc wrought in a family by a stern and unforgiving father's will acting in defiance of natural instinct; and of its opposite, the lasting faithfulness of a true woman's heart. Dora, the heroine, who is not even personally described to the reader (thereby leaving much latitude to the artist-illustrator) is a bright example of the two truths—

> Every heart that loves with truth is equal to endure,

and

> Love, if love be perfect, casts out fear.

Almost devoid of scenic description, this poem is one of *motive*, and its abrupt beginning is intended to fix our attention on the principals:—

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often looked at them,
And often thought, "*I'll make them man and wife.*"

In this word "make" lies the *motivo propio* of "Dora." It is the evil force which breaks two hearts and sacrifices a life. For love is not to be forced, even by a parent upon a dutiful child. Living together, as might have been expected, William regarded Dora only as a sister; but the unexpected also happened—that Dora fell deeply in love with William. It was, with her intense and pure nature, the true and only love of her life. William's manly independence in refusing to bind himself to a woman he loved with a brother's love merely, was cruelly punished by banishment from home. Rashly he married, "half in love and half in spite," Mary Morrison. In a year their boy was born, but soon distress came upon the pair, secretly relieved by Dora out of her own small savings, and at last poor William died of fever. The stratagem conceived by Dora's loving heart, by which the hard heart of the grandfather was to be softened towards his son's widow and orphan boy, was successful. In mid-harvest time (the most prosperous in that part for five years) Dora, wreathing her little nephew's hat with flowers "to make him pleasing in her uncle's eye"—a pretty feminine thought—sets him among the reapers. Allan comes up, and after angrily dismissing his niece, takes the boy home, amidst the wailing of the child and the anguished tears of his aunt. The poet's psychological insight is here well shown in the time allowed for Allan to relent, and for the meek and weak Mary Allan (*née* Morrison) to become bold as a lioness robbed of her offspring. For when Dora returns from the field to ask Mary for a home, the latter goes straight to the farmer

to claim her boy—"For he will teach him hardness and to slight his mother"—and appeals to him to take back Dora, telling him also of his son's last words. William had died confessing that he had done wrong to cross his father's will, forgiving him, and asking God to bless him.

This word breaks down the grandfather's strong barrier of relentless pride.

> "May God forgive me! I have been to blame, to blame,"
> And all the man was broken with remorse,
> And all his love came back a hundred-fold,
> And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
> Thinking of William . . . .
>
> So these four abode
> Within one house together, and as years
> Went forward, Mary took another mate,
> But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

"Sea-Dreams," an idyll of the sea-side, whither a city clerk and his wife have brought their delicate daughter, Margaret, to obtain health, and where strange dreams occur to them, is a noble poem, teaching us the ethics of forgiveness and reminding us of the poet's lines—

> Human forgiveness touches heaven, and thence
> Reflected, sends a light on the forgiven

The clerk is very sad, for all his "poor scrapings from a dozen years of dust and desk-work" have been lost in a rotten or imaginary Peruvian mine, in which a sanctimonious "friend" had persuaded him to invest them. In a masterly passage of rhymed heroics, in the manner of Dryden, Tennyson pillories this rogue, doubtless a portrait, or at least a reminiscence of that Dr. Allen who, in 1844, ruined the poet financially by his disastrous wood-carving speculation. Parliamentary speakers have sometimes quoted them in stormy passages of political invective.

With all his conscience, and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful Name in vain; . . .
Not deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And, snake-like, slimed his victim ere he gorged.

Tennyson gives us a remarkable thought on intuition and experience—

Is it so true that "second thoughts are best"?
Not first, and third, which are a riper first?
Ah, love, there surely lives in man and beast
Something Divine to warn them of their foes;
And such a sense, when first I trusted him,
Said "Trust him not;" but after, when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less;
Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity; . . .
Went further, fool! and trusted him with all.

A subtle psychological truth, which I have myself experienced, is embodied in the lines italicised, though it looks like a paradox.

The dramatic episode of the sudden death of the fraudulent speculator in the street an hour after the victim had met him is introduced so skilfully that the forgiveness by the latter of the former's crime seems to come about naturally, in response to the good Christian wife's persistent pleadings.

"We must forgive the dead. . . . The man your eye
pursued;
A little after you had parted with him
He suddenly dropt dead of heart disease."

This is startling news to the clerk, who exclaims—

"Dead! he? Of heart disease? What heart had he
To die of? Dead?"
"Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with
His angel broke his heart. . . .
He can do no more wrong, forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder."
Then the man:
"His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come,
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound—
I do forgive him!"

Of all the English Idylls, "Enoch Arden" or "The Old Fisherman" is, I think, the best constructed. Published in 1864, its popularity was immediate, and so widely spread that it has created a new phrase in our language—"An Enoch Arden in Real Life." The story is one of actuality, told to the poet by the sculptor Woolner as occurring in Suffolk. It is full of emotion and dramatic action, but somewhat too ornate in diction and in elaboration of incident, as when ten lines of blank verse are taken up in telling the reader how Enoch hawked fish in a basket. The skill in characterisation shown in "Enoch Arden" is conspicuous. One scarce knows which personage to admire most in this poem. The simple, honest, sincerely pious, brave hero who dies alone with his secret locked in his loving breast; Annie Arden, with her constancy of love and a hope, who refuses to believe that Enoch is dead for twelve long years of hard-fought poverty, and then only by "a sign from the Book;" or Philip Ray, the rejected suitor of early years, still the devoted lover, hoping to win her, his only love, by generous kindness, but forbearing to press his suit until Annie confessed herself a widow. Poor Arden! His happiness only lasted seven years, and even these were chequered by poverty

and family bereavement. Then the long years of exile on a solitary coral island, lightened only by his devout faith in God, for he was a man of prayer.

> "Had not his poor heart
> Spoken with *Him*, *Who* being everywhere,
> Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
> Surely the man had died of solitude."

The poet contrives, most dramatically, that at the very moment when Annie, misinterpreting the Biblical "sign," "under a palm tree," declares herself a widow, and willing to marry Philip, Enoch caught sight of the ship that saved him and bore him, after long delays, home, to meet the most poignant trial of his woeful life.

> Now when the dead man, come to life, beheld
> His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe,
> Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
> And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness
> And his own children tall and beautiful,
> And him, that other, reigning in his place,
> Lord of his rights and of his children's love.

He could scarcely forbear to let his pent-up agony forth—

> To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry
> Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
> Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

Prayer again sustains him in his heroic resolve

> Not to tell her, never to let her know.

During the long year of mental suffering and bodily decay hat followed,

> He was not all unhappy. His resolve
> Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
> Prayer from a loving source within the will,
> And beating up through all the bitter world
> Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
> Kept him a living soul.

And thus Divine Grace sustained this good man until one night

> **There came so loud a calling of the sea**
> **That all the houses in the haven rang.**

When, with the joyful cry, "A sail! a sail!" the strong heroic soul passed. "Enoch Arden" is full of Biblical phrases, consonant with the sincere piety of the principal characters. Its general effect on some readers is as good as that of a religious tract. A district visitor was once giving out tracts to a meeting of her poor, to whom she had lately read parts of "Enoch Arden." "Thank you, ma'am," said one old woman, "but I'd give all I had for that beautiful tract which you read t'other day; it did me a power o' good." So said the rest of the meeting.

The principles of Tennyson's actual life did not belie the ethical teachings of his poems. His very success and the merit of his genius drew upon him unjust criticisms, malicious and absurd gossip in the press, and for forty-two years, after the appearance of every new volume, came an abusive anonymous letter in the same handwriting. His family kept most of these (and other similar annoyances) from his sight, but one reached him. His equanimity was unruffled; he was, he said, "only sorry for the man who had so much spite." All his life long Tennyson was ready and willing to relieve the necessities of deserving literary men in distress, without the world knowing it. Even in the year following his financial ruin through Dr. Allen's failure, he gave handsomely to one such case. And the only favours he ever asked of the Premiers of the day were three, all for the benefit of others, viz.:—(1) To increase the interest upon small deposits in the Government Savings Banks; (2) to grant a pension to "R. C. W.," a poor and meritorious author; and (3) to increase the small allowance granted to the poet, Wm. Allingham. In 1869, when

his ex-publisher, Edward Moxon, died in financial straits, Tennyson voluntarily and anonymously gave the widow and daughters a considerable annual pension, although all accounts had long since been settled between himself and Moxon. In 1875, the poet paid all the costs of the successful Chancery suit against Mr. Herne Shepherd, who had "pirated" the copyright of "The Lover's Tale," when he learnt that the defendant was poor and had an aged mother to support. The poet's heart was soft and humane, though his manner was often gruff. Nothing cheered him so much as letters or conversations which told of the moral and spiritual good effected by his poems. In 1855 he read of a man who had been roused from a state of suicidal despair by "The Two Voices," a piece written by the Laureate in one of his darkest moods of despondency, but which ends in Hope. And so it was with a widower in Australia, who, going in search of a weapon wherewith to end his lonely life, came across a copy of "In Memoriam." As in the case of many mourners, this wonderful poem took an immediate grip of his soul; he read on and on until all thoughts of suicide left him, and there stole into his heart a peace that never deserted it.

An old carpet weaver, Samuel Bamford, who had high literary taste, yet was too poor to buy books, used to borrow from his friends each of Tennyson's poems as they came out, and commit them to memory. In 1849 Mrs. Gaskell introduced this old Radical Chartist to Tennyson, who rejoiced his heart by presenting him with his latest volume. Bamford's enthusiastic letter of thanks, shewing a keen literary discrimination and love of true poetry, was appreciated by the poet as "the highest honor I have yet received."

Another tribute to the poet's sympathetic instinct for and with Humanity was from the hardworking wife of a

settler in Riverina, in the wild Australian "bush." "You must let me tell you how, in a lonely home . . . with my young children asleep, my husband absent, no sound to be heard but the cry of the dingo, or wail of the curlew, no lock nor bolt to guard our solitary hut; strong in our utter helplessness I have turned (next to God's Book) to you as a friend. I have read far into the night, until my lot seemed light, and a joy seemed cast around my very menial toils . . . . and the burden of life became pleasant, or at least easy to me."

So thoroughly human was Tennyson that the many moods in which he wrote have their correspondence in ordinary lives—even the "hum-drum" domestic life most of us lead. It is at least as fitting to call him "The Poet of the English Home" as "The Poet of Woman"—a title conferred on him by critics after "The Princess" appeared. The Laureate considered a cheerful home to be not only the highest expression of human happiness on earth, but also the main cause of the unity, stability, and greatness of our nation.

> **O happy he, and fit to live,**
> **On whom a happy home has power**
> **To make him trust his life, and give**
> **His fealty to the halcyon hour.**

Only in the languages of the Teutonic Race—of which we form the greatest branch—exists a word which connotes all that *we* mean by "Home." The Latin Race has merely words for house, or a periphrasis, such as "*chez lui*," for "being at home." Mons. Demolins, in his able work *A Quoi Tient la Superiorité des Anglo-Saxons*, rightly ascribes our leading position in the world to-day to our home life, our personal independence, and our individualism, as contrasted with the more public social life and State-controlled action of the Latin nations. The innate

British love of travel and adventure having expanded Great Britain into Greater Britain, the whole globe is now encircled by homes which are modelled upon the family life of the dear Old Country—still called "Home" by every colonist.

Married life Tennyson regarded as the noblest blooming of love. From some of his contemporaries he is marked out by a chivalrous and even reverential respect for womanhood. His poems display a profound knowledge of the master-passion, Love, but from its spiritual and not its fleshly side. Love is always allied with Duty, and when the two are divorced, as in the episode of Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere, ruin follows—the *débacle* of the grand moral kingdom so laboriously built up by King Arthur. Yet Tennyson's love-lyrics are not cold, as if he strove to describe a passion he had never felt. No; they are ardent, yet not erotic; passionate, but pure. He would not—nay, could not—write down to the sensual style of Rossetti and Swinburne. With Shaksperian force and dignity he declares that the man whose heart has never opened to the true love of a pure woman, lives

> A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
> Or pines in sad experience worse than death;
> Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime.

The poet expands into a grand principle of life the famous vow of the Knights of the Round Table—

> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds,
> Until they win her; for indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under Heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thoughts, and aimiable words,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Most characteristics of true love are noted in his poems, of which I can only give a few examples. Love purifies the heart from selfishness—

> Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords
> with might,
> Smote the chord of self that trembling pass'd in music
> out of sight.

A subtle note of insight into love's nature is given in "Geraint and Enid"—

> Tho' men may *bicker* with the things they love,
> *They would not make them laughable in all eyes,*
> *Not while they loved them.*

The permanence of true love is everywhere taught by Tennyson—

> No lapse of means can canker love,
> Whatever fickle tongues may say. &c.

He sounds the depths of human nature in such lines as

> For love reflects the thing beloved,

and

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

In the "Gardener's Daughter" is an exquisite passage describing lovers' meetings, full of warmth, yet of such purity as neither Byron nor Shelley could attain in a similar episode:—

> Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells—
> Of that which came between, more sweet than each,
> In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
> That tremble round a nightingale—in sighs
> Which perfect Joy, perplexed for utterance,
> Stole from her sister Sorrow. Might I not tell
> Of difference, reconcilement, pledges given,
> And vows where there was never need of vows,

And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap
Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above
The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars;
. . . . Or, as once we met
Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering rain,
Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep.

Although Tennyson by his "Princess" powerfully advanced the "Higher Education of Women," he by no means advocated that perfect equality between the sexes which Madame Sarah Grand and others are pushing to extreme and mischievous lengths. The poet's utterance in 1887 is noteworthy:—"I want people to recognise," he said, "that the women of our Western Hemisphere represent the highest type of woman, greatly owing to the respect and honour paid to them by men; but that the moment that honour and respect are diminished, the high type of woman will vanish. . . . . There is a great future for woman in furthering the progress of Humanity, if she will cultivate her understanding, not merely her memory, her inborn spirituality, and her sympathy with all that is pure, noble, and beautiful. . . . . In fine,

Let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live, and learn, and be
All that harms not distinctive womanhood."

In every love-marriage, the wife gains more than she loses; and it is an acknowledged fact that the best qualities of woman's nature are only fully elicited by motherhood. Why should *women* seek to disparage that Divine ordinance which in Christian nations has everywhere elevated and preserved them? There are now so many occupations and professions open to the sex that our surplus female population are being provided with a livelihood, and our

growing colonies are calling out for them, men being out there in the majority. But Tennyson knew that women lose their grace, their self-lessness, their delicacy of feeling in the stern competition with men in trades and professions already overstocked in this crowded country. Therefore he wrote the old-fashioned lines—

> **Man for the field, and woman for the hearth,**
> **Man for the sword, and for the needle she,**
> **Man with the head, and woman with the heart,**
> **Man to command, and woman to obey.**

As to the home-training of children the poet used to say, "Make their lives as happy as possible." Though he became a father comparatively late in life he was the life-long companion of his boys, who were devoted to him, and he became his grandsons' favourite playmate. The poet knew child nature well who wrote "Minnie and Winnie," "What does little Birdie say?" and in his 81st year this graceful triplet for his grandson, Lionel Hallam Tennyson:

> **Father and mother will watch you grow,**
> **And gather the roses wherever they blow,**
> **And find the white heather wherever you go,**
> **My sweet.**

To young men entering upon life's duties Tennyson's poems give many helpful, warning, and wise messages. "All life," said the poet in conversation, "is a school, a preparation, a purpose. . . . . It is motive, it is the great purpose which consecrates life. The real test of a man is not what he knows, but what he is in himself, and in his relation to others. The love of God is the true basis of duty, truth, reverence, loyalty, love, virtue, and work." Tennyson's young friends, countless numbers of whom asked his advice, were encouraged to study moral and social questions of the day for themselves, and not to accept conventional opinions without exercising inde-

pendent thought and judgment. Many pungent lines of his remind us that "public opinion" is always superficial, often only half true, and sometimes false.

> The world will not believe a man repents. . . .
> The world which credits what is done
> Is cold to all that might have been. . . .
> Men will forget what we suffer, but not what we do. . . .
> O purblind race of miserable men!
> How many among us at this very hour
> Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves
> By taking true for false, or false for true.

This great poet knew human nature, and especially British nature intimately, and this knowledge, together with the noble use he made of it, entitles him to a high place among the Poets of Humanity. Look at his earnest warnings against false ideals in Art and Literature, and at the whole aim of that grand allegory, "The Palace of Art," written purposely to show that the worship of Art is utterly futile, inadequate, and wrong as a substitute for the worship of God. Thirty years afterwards, Tennyson felt it his duty to warn his fellow-countrymen against Art tainted "with poisonous honey stolen from France." But the poison spread, and fifteen years later the aged poet, who had just completed his "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," wherein he scathingly castigates our social sins, exclaims to a friend, "They talk of '*Art for Art's sake*,' there is something higher—'*Art for Man's sake*.' . . . The higher moral imagination enslaved to sense is like an eagle caught by the feet in a snare baited with carrion, so that it cannot use its wings to soar." Tennyson, however, explained to a friend that the despondency noticeable in the second "Locksley Hall" was introduced as appropriate to the aged speaker, showing the decreased energy of life in old age. Mr. Gladstone's optimism, maintained

to the end of his great career, is well displayed in the brilliant defence of "The times we live in" in his article upon this very poem, contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, of January, 1887.

The poet's profound thoughts on Fate, Free-Will, and Prayer, evince his understanding of the essential *religiosity* of man, and the satisfaction of that faculty by God's own revelation of Himself. What more beautiful invocation by a soul fettered by doubt and fear could have been written (even by a hymnologist) than this?

> Steel me with patience! Soften me with grief!
> Let blow the trumpet strongly while I pray
> Till this embattled wall of unbelief,
> My prison, not my fortress, fall away.

Prayer is, according to Tennyson, who often descants upon it,

> A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
> And touches Him who made it. . . . .
>
> Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. &c.

It is one of the glories of Tennyson's poetry that, in strong contrast to the pessimism of many present day singers, it teaches, as a whole,

> The love of freedom, the desire of God,
> The hope of larger life hereafter.

The secret of the profound influence for good which Tennyson's best works exert, and with which his recorded life is harmonious, is this—that he firmly believed that his poetic genius was a gift from God, and must be consecrated to His service. The poet's extreme fastidiousness as to form and expression arose from his real impression that nothing which he had composed had ever reached the standard of perfection, short of which he must never rest.

All he could hope, said he to Miss Weld, was that he had brought men a little near God. To sum up (very briefly, my space being exhausted): This great poet-seer teaches the lofty truth that Progress is the law of man's being, and that Faith, Hope, and Love are its triple inspiration. He also teaches that man's will, the very freedom of which attests his relationship to God, is granted him that he may conform it to the will of his Maker. The whole spirit and tone of his greatest poems are calculated to help men to carry into their lives, and so into the world, the sublime ethical and spiritual teachings and example of the Divine Founder of the Christian religion.

Tennyson, "being dead, yet speaketh," and the voice of his genius will echo down the ages to the end of time, because its utterances have been interpenetrated by the grand teaching of Scripture, and tuned by a genuine sympathy with Humanity.

> Poet of Immortality sublime!
> Thou need'st not fear lest all-devouring time
> Might bear away the truths that thou hast taught
> For love, Eternal Love, with wisdom fraught
> Shone on thy life, and guided all thy thought.

A DREAM OF A PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY FOR LIVERPOOL.

By JOHN LEE, B.A.

Dreams are bad things undoubtedly. Medical science has reduced them to materialistic order, assigning them each and all to their several specific causes; popular science has carefully arranged their dietary occasions, by an empiricism which may or may not be accurate in its results, but at least is so interesting that supper has become the one meal of the day where epicurean ideals are checked by what we may call moral limits; Zadkielism has taken them under its wing, so to speak, and has chosen to regard dreams as drawings aside of the grim veil of the future. So precisely has this prophetic instinct arranged its causes and effects, that such ordinarily harmless things as white horses and funerals are regarded as unfailing premonitions of a gladness so great that our puny lives are insufficient to contain it. All is arranged, allotted, and ascribed with a precision of detail which would shame Dr. Cumming and other interpreters of the mystic books, and the old problem of the future stands bashfully ashamed, naked, and, what is even more humiliating, perfectly understood.

I propose to-night to indulge in a day-dream—or at least, to drop the Irishism, in the repetition to you of a day-dream. I have no doubt as to the fulfilment, whether in our own or a later day I do not know, but there is reason for confidence that it will amply and fully be brought to fruition; this at least is a tribute to the vividness of a dozing day-dream.

It came to pass that after the Liverpool Corporation had provided a perfect system of trams; after electricity was introduced into every house for lighting and heating; after every householder had become a reader of the People's Library, and at whose door books were left daily by the city library delivery cart; after the city bakehouses were firmly established, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* had published that famous analysis of Liverpool bread, shewing that it was infinitely superior to the article provided by the neighbouring rival, Manchester, whereat London groaned in envy, the city fathers foregathered to discuss in what way municipalization could best be extended. Many proposals were put forward. It was suggested on the one hand that a municipal magazine should be launched with a view to discover any latent literary talent which might lurk blushingly unseen in the by-streets and alleys. Would it not be well worth the expenditure of tax and ratepayers' money to uncover a Kipling or a William Watson, and thus add lustre to the fame of the city—the first literary city out of London? The proposal was warmly discussed, and so far the Council was swayed very strongly in its favour. Had it not been for an Irishman, the motion would have been carried at once. He raised a novel objection. A municipal magazine would pay its way undoubtedly, and that was an insuperable difficulty.

The Council sighed heavily; the Irishman had won the day.

But he was not satisfied with a destructive policy. He wished to be constructive, and so he boldly proposed that the Council should undertake the higher education of its citizens. At least, he said, it was as important that the Council should supply culture as that it should supply bread and light and heat and carriage from place to place. Continuation schools and technical classes were all very

well; it was undoubtedly an excellent thing that joinery, carpentery, and plumbing should be taught in the evenings in the magnificent technological college, and that medals and certificates should annually be handed out to those who succeeded in acquiring a moderate proficiency. But excellent as were joinery, carpentry, and even plumbing, there must be a more solid basis for the brighter and sweeter lives of the community. So, with a lavish wealth of detail, the Irishman foreshadowed a scheme whereby a great popular University might be established in Liverpool, where young men and maidens, and even old men, and those who, having ceased apparently to be maidens, yet kept a warmth of constantly rejuvenated freshness in their hearts, might drink of the Pierian springs. It was a bold scheme indeed; its very audacity won the day, and before a year had passed the People's University was in full working order.

I will attempt to shew you, as carefully as I can, what the nature of the proposal was, and how the first winter's work was arranged. Liverpool had grown enormously. Bootle and Garston were both incorporated. Eastwards, West Derby was an urban area, densely thronged; and far beyond Wavertree were row upon row of small bay-windowed houses. In each locality was its public-hall, with baths and reading-rooms and recreation-rooms where—alas for the Manichæan heresy of the dead and gone 1899—even intoxicating liquors could be purchased. Around these, as a centre, the corporate life of the urban areas was wont to centre.

At the Aintree district hall on the 1st of October, the Aintree course of lectures was inaugurated. Warm, bright, and inviting seemed the entrance porch that night. A little group of young men already gathered at the door; half-a-dozen couples were seen coming along the broad

sidewalk, well before the time for the opening lecture, where once they had hung about the semi-rural lanes. The new municipalization could not abolish courting, but at least it could lead it into new channels.

On the Monday night a course of lectures was inaugurated to extend from October to March, twenty lectures in all, upon a period of English history—the rise and fall of the Hanoverians. The lectures were not free—that fatal mistake was avoided in the initial stage—but the cost was merely trifling and was so arranged that fairly regular attendance would obtain a rebate, and very probably a sensible prize—neither a medal nor a parchment certificate. Of that opening lecture we cannot speak too highly. It was a rapid survey of the decay of what we may call Courtism. It showed how society, the society of fashion, was crowded out by the triumph of intellectual superiority. It sketched the decay of the nobility, partially through poverty and the consequent necessity for the adoption of what were undoubtedly less dignified modes of livelihood. Earls and barons as shopkeepers at first were curiosities; then occasions for ribaldry, and lastly their titles to particular respect vanished. But even at this stage municipalization had its own influence. The taxation of land values, a difficult problem in 1898, was ridiculously easy of solution by municipal authorities who were intensely, even passionately, eager for the well-being of their members. Unearned increment could no longer be trifled with by petty states who had to account for every farthing of the taxes they gathered. And the growing power of the municipalities, coupled with the new function of passing certain legislative enactments, subject only to the ratification of the Central House of Parliament, soon swept away the private ownership of land. The most far-seeing prophets of the Victorian era—said this lecturer—may

have dreamt of the nationalization of land, but in their most sanguine moments they never conceived of the municipal ownership of land. Indeed, his respect for the nineteenth century was not very enthusiastically expressed. It was an age, he said, which affected all the virtues of republicanism, and yet which shrank from the abolition of kinghood and from the concession of manhood suffrage, which struck him as being ridiculous in the extreme. It was apparent at the close of the century that some serious outbreak was inevitable, and this came in the threatened revolution of 1910, when 5,000 men from the inland Lancashire towns marched solemnly on Liverpool and swore they would burn the city unless something was done right quickly to brighten their lives. The spread of such a conflagration of revolution was not easily arrested, and the solemn deposition of the Royal House of Hanover was not a big price to pay for peace after all. "Moreover"—added the lecturer, grimly—"Moreover, when I look at the records of the closing years of the nineteenth century, when I read the descriptions of the lives of the poor, such as they happened to leak into the newspapers of the time, my only wonder is that the poor were so patient. The struggle was bound to come. *The Letters of a Regicide Peace* were sufficient to quench a smouldering, seething revolution at the end of the eighteenth century, but even the burning words of a second Burke would have availed nothing at the end of the nineteenth century."

I was not surprised afterwards to discover that similar arrangements were made for courses of lectures in half-a-dozen other halls. In West Derby Hall—the latest built and the most beautiful—there was a course on the history of painting in the century. Long, long ago had lime-light been superseded, and a new method of projection introduced which did not necessitate the darkening of the hall.

At Fairfield, the course dealt with the classical composers of the 19th century, with illustrative recitals, and it was no little comfort to a visitor who wished to be patriotic, so to speak, to his own century to find that at length something good could be said of it. In the Wavertree Hall there were two concurrent courses on political philosophy, one delivered by the best representative of the new conservatism, the other by the representative of the new radicalism. If voters are to rule us, said the Corporation, let them know what they are about; and so the voters assembled to understand why they should vote, and to grasp a deeper and a truer reason than mere personal preference or hereditary partyism.

One wakens at length even from the most vivid dream, and one finds the world going on much the same. The crowds rush to the music hall and the cheap, O so cheap, concert; the courting goes on in by-lanes, or even worse, in the dense, flaring streets of the suburbs. Of the lightness and brightness of life the public-house has the monopoly, and acts of parliament are carefully devised to conserve such monopoly. The Municipality supplies us with gas and cleans our streets. It ventures, in a timid way, to provide the working-classes with a course of lectures in which travel predominates, in which history does not appear, and literature, even of the most popular kind, has only the merest foothold. Moreover, we provide—the men of Liverpool provide—a great College, but only those of means can avail themselves of it, and its evening classes—save in science and technology, bread-and-butter subjects as they say in Germany—are largely neglected.

Moreover, it is not a little humiliating to record an actual retrogression. Twenty years ago there were such lectures in Liverpool; Mr. Caldecut lectured on history, and Mr. Hall Caine on poetry. These were not snap-shot

lectures with "bits and snatches and dreamy lullabies." They were serious incursions into a new domain; serious efforts at interpretation of life-works to which the great mass of our population are only too sadly indifferent. It was said that this little nucleus of a People's University failed absolutely; on the other hand, however, it may be pointed out that the experiment was not continued for a reasonable period; it never dug its roots, so to speak, into the heart of the community. Complaints were made that the attendances were lamentably small, that the venture would not pay, that the results were wofully deficient, and so the good men who inaugurated the scheme gave way to despair, and the venture was abandoned.

While we note an absolute retrogression in Liverpool, it is even more painful to remark a peculiar progression in the inland towns. Oldham and St. Helens, amongst other places, have their University Extension Lectures comparatively well attended; Liverpool has nothing of the kind. Newcastle and Manchester succeed remarkably in similar ventures. The Yorkshire towns shame us beyond measure. In the East of London the movement has gained fullest force. We can scarcely expect a University Settlement in our midst, though brave men have hinted at the necessity for such a scheme, and a Women's Settlement has already been founded with considerable success.

Now I venture to propose a remedy. It is, in a word, that the Corporation of Liverpool, hand in hand with University College, and helped by the experience of the several learned faculties of the town, should found a complete system of University Extension in the suburbs of Liverpool, and, even more widely, in the suburbs say of Birkenhead and other neighbouring towms. I venture to call this a University in the truer and wider sense of the word—an educational centre for *everyone*, all-inclusive.

First, I would observe that such courses of lectures as I am about to suggest could be provided at very small cost. Indeed, the cost would merely be the provision of the several halls. Already such places are available; there is not one single suburb of my acquaintance where a hall is not available. The experiment has been tried in a tentative way by the Corporation in its scheme of popular suburban lectures. But I would go much further, and instead of travel lectures, interesting, helpful and attractive, no doubt, definite educational courses might easily be arranged.

Nor would there be any difficulty in providing lecturers. I do not think that any of those gentlemen who have delighted us in this hall with lectures on Tennyson, Browning, Edmund Burke, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Method of Ethics—to quote a few hap-hazard of the present year's excellent lectures to this Society—would for a moment hesitate to give them to a popular audience if the chance were afforded them. And if one could fashion to one's imagination the definite good which would accrue from the impetus which such lectures would give to the already widely manifest desire for general culture on the part of the proletariat, one cannot but see the immense argument which it gives to us in favour of such a scheme.

Nor would the auditory require a precise culture-basis for the appreciation of such discourses. One can quite understand that, in the pursuit of culture at the Universities, where the minds of the comparatively young are being trained, it is indisputable that Latin and Greek, a modern language, and the essentials of mathematics, and perhaps a natural science, form an ideal basis upon which the whole fabric of erudition can be builded. But this is not the class of which I speak to-night. I refer

more particularly to that class of men whose wits have been sharpened by contact with the rough surface of the world, whose rational faculties have been quickened and stimulated by direct syllogistic processes from the things of time and sense around them. Yet, in all our present schemes of popular culture we recognize it as indispensable that dead languages are the one groundwork of living knowledge; so the youth who strives for an education, who wishes to till for his own behoof one corner of the vast vineyard of knowledge, is condemned to spend years at conjugations and declensions and irregularities of syntax. Professor Huxley made a bold onslaught upon this prevalent prejudice, but it seems to be doubtful if we should gain were mathematical or physical or natural science to be substituted for the classical tongues as the basis-ground of culture.

I have said all this, not by way of disparaging the study of classical, mediæval, or modern languages, but with the simple object of pleading that there is a wide field of culture, white unto harvest, for those who have never had the opportunity of orthodox education beyond the sparse limits of the Education Code.

Conventionality, of course, stands in our way; the dead dust of social pride is mountains high to divide us; the old contempt for toil still flows in the rich blue blood of comparatively patrician veins. These are not insuperable obstacles if but we face them manfully and bravely; and to surmount them will be but an easy thing if before us stands an infinitely lofty ideal, the good of these our fellows, and the regeneration of the social world without us.

ETHICAL THEORY AND PRACTICE.

By JOHN MACCUNN, M.A., LL.D.

It is no wonder that the gulf between ethical theory and practice yawns so wide. It is so hard seemingly to bridge it from either side. For, the practical world cares little for theories. It does not seem so much as to miss their absence. Driven on by the relentless urgencies of Life—urgencies of livelihood, of ambition, of passion, of impatience—it has not the time, even if it had the appetite or the faculty for theorising. It has so much to do to make itself more moral that it is not minded to think about morality. Nor are many things more remarkable than the easy consciences with which even the salt of the earth, though they would wince under the faintest aspersion of moral backsliding, can sit under the imputation that they will not think. In truth they are too seldom encouraged to try. Seldom do their teachers and preachers, their priests aud pastors espouse the neglected cause of Theory—unless, indeed, it be the cause of the comprehensive theory that Theory is a superfluity. Our very prophets are at times μισόλογοι, to whom the theorist, especially the ethical theorist, is a perversion, and theory a sacrilege:—

> The moral sense, thank God! is a thing you will never account for. By no greatest Happiness principle, greatest Nobleness principle, or any principle whatever, will you make that the least clearer than it already is:—forbear, I say, or you may darken it away from you altogether.

Strong words! But do we really need them in a world in

which too manifestly, as Plato puts it, philosophers are useless because mankind will not use them?

When we turn to the theorists it would be rash to say that they reciprocate this indifference. Let the truth be told at once. The philosopher—the ethical philosopher at anyrate—has a weakness. It is a secret longing to preach. And though when caught *flagrante delicto*, especially by other philosophers, he is ashamed of himself, and almost over prompt to admit that it is not the philosopher's business to preach (which indeed is true), his human sympathies are too much for him, and in his own despite his thoughts begin again to breathe and his words to burn. It has happened before now that moral philosophers have been likewise moral reformers. It happened in Greece. From Socrates right on to the Stoics, and sometimes, as in Plato, with passionate aspiration, the thoughts of the thinkers, even when deeply plunged in analysis and definition, have been eager to turn to the betterment of men's lives. So likewise in the modern world. Theory and Practice may have sundered. But the battles of rival ethical schools—of ascetics and hedonists, of Kantians and utilitarians—have not been fought solely for the calm empire of thought, but also for the stormy sway of the human soul and human destiny. There are invocations to duty even in the cold analytic page of Kant. Nor can all the formal rigour of demonstration, and all the repudiation of tears and laughter that freeze the sentences of Spinoza, quench the surmise that the writer of the *Ethics* sustained his vast and solitary labours by the conviction that he was revealing to passion-tossed man the peace that cometh of understanding.

Such aspirations are happily far from illusory, as perhaps the sequel may prove. Yet they do not justify the expectation that the philosopher can do much to

leaven the world by his own direct action upon it. The philosopher has his mission, and his mission is, above all things, to be a philosopher. His chief end is not to alter the world, but to understand it. It is not the physiologist's chief end to be a doctor; nor the economist's to be a Chancellor of the Exchequer; nor the logician's to be a master of argumentation. No more is it the moral philosopher's calling to make men moral. Not better men, but better theories, this is his main concern. Therefore, is he sometimes misunderstood? "There is nothing harder," once said Burke in his usual vein, "than the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician" (*i.e.*, abstract thinker). But it is not that the heart of the theorist is harder than those of his neighbours. He may be pitiful of men like the philosopher of the *New Atlantis*. He may play his part as citizen, as Fichte did in the hour of his country's need, or as Green of Oxford did when, in unobtrusive devotion, he led the life of the honest citizen and good neighbour, to which in his writings he never failed to do honour. And many a thinker besides Mill has found incentive in the thought that the best work done for the world is often that of those who have lived remote. The point is that even the most sympathetic of theorists can make but little way in himself really leavening the world with theories. It is not his vocation, and very probably he has neither the gifts nor the time, nor command of the rhetoric—the glowing ideal, the telling metaphor, the vivid instance, the impassioned appeal—without which theory will knock long and in vain for entrance into the popular mind. "Philosophy," says Mark Pattison, "perishes the moment you would teach it." It perishes at anyrate the moment you would preach it—perishes to live in other forms which must needs sacrifice the rigour of philosophical statement if they are ever to gain the ear of the world.

The inference is obvious. If theory can powerfully influence the world, it will be because the philosopher finds those better qualified in this respect than himself to whom he can entrust his message.

For such allies he need not look in vain. There is a figure well known to us in this great centre of commerce. He produces nothing, and though we may not say he consumes no more, yet what he consumes is but a fraction of what passes through his hands. For is it not through him, as middleman, that the produce passes which feeds the factories of our myriad-handed industrial life? There are middlemen, too, of the spiritual world. Call them preachers, teachers, moralists, essayists, orators, poets. By gifts, by vocation, by sympathy, they belong not to the world of theory, nor yet to the world of practice. Yet they are, or may be, in intimate relation to both; and the hope is that, at their hands, theory will receive that interpretation which it cannot receive from the theorist himself, and which yet it *must* receive if it is really to pass into the national mind and life.

No one can doubt that, in one aspect at least, these "middlemen" are fitted for this task. They have the ear of the world. For the world needs, and it knows it needs them. It needs them as satirists to lash its vices, cynics to probe its weaknesses, moralists to uplift its standard of valuation, preachers to steady its fluctuating faiths, prophets to feed its aspirations, spiritual leaders of all kinds to quicken and to strengthen its soul. Nor will it be otherwise so long as the world, with all its conventionalities, sensualities, apathies, is haunted by the sense of shortcoming, and visited, however fitfully, by the cloud-skirted dreams of a better life. Therefore, the world gives heed to the penetrating earnestness of Robertson, to the high discourse of Ruskin, to the aggressive honesty of Huxley, to

the ethical reasonableness of Arnold, to the prophecies of Carlyle, the music of Tennyson, the problems of Browning, and to the whole many-coloured host who follow in their train. They are not men of action, these middlemen: a long road lies between their words, however moving, and men's deeds. Yet they have their allies—Church, School, Home, Press, Platform. Nor is there one of these that is not leavened to its core by the great rhetoricians who never fail to arise as generation follows generation.

This, in a word, is not our difficulty. The world listens to ideas, if clothed in rhetoric. The world acts on ideas, when ideas fire the imagination. The difficulty comes when we ask if these men who give the world its ideas—these middlemen of the spiritual world—will themselves in turn listen to the theorist.

Once this question is raised, it becomes evident in a moment that theory has rivals—rivals so powerful that against them theory has to struggle for its life. One of these is authority, and the other is intuition.

We do not here discuss the influence of authority and intuition upon the ordinary life. Our concern is with "the middlemen"—with those who aspire to be, by pen or tongue, the moral leaders of their generation: and what in particular we wish to discover is the claim which ethical theory may reasonably have upon *them*.

No one can doubt that many of them may become the servants, and some the slaves, of authority. As little can one doubt that many others rest content with intuitions whose subjective strength is taken all too readily as warrant for their objective truth. Church and world manifestly teem, therefore, with men who accept the role of moral leadership, and yet ignore, or even (like Carlyle) flout the claims of ethical theory. There is no call to quarrel with either authority or intuition. Authority is

so vast a principle, and the forms through which it speaks may be so august and so venerable, that minds may still remain remarkable, if not great, even when they have accepted the attitude of *credo quia impossibile*. And insight is sometimes so comprehensive and so penetrating that it may put to shame the work of lesser minds who, in characteristic Emersonian phrase, "love to spin the ostentatious continuity." There need, therefore, be no quarrel with either—*except* when the grateful admission that they can do much, is perverted into the obscurantist claim that between them they can do everything. For then it becomes the task of those who believe in theory to insist that there are certain definite services which theory can render to our middlemen of the intellectual world, for which they will look in vain to authority, however consecrated, or to intuition, however piercing.

1.—In the first place, it is theory, and theory alone, that can enable them to meet theory by theory.

It would be too much to say that every leader of thought is bound to meet theory by theory. He may prefer to meet it by rhetorical projectiles, and, in Johnsonian fashion, when his pistol misses fire to knock down his adversary with the butt end. Or he may prefer to meet it by a dogma, to dispute which involves an indictment of a sacred book, a "universal" church, or of one or other of the traditions of the elders. Or he may prefer to meet it by appeal, couched in burning words, to conscience. They are all effective methods, and we need not, in this so combative world, disparage even the first. Only be it well understood that he who limits himself to one or all of the three, even though he should speak with the tongue of men and of angels, must be prepared to run a risk—the grave risk of losing hold of the more rational minds of his generation.

As a matter of fact it is the perception of the gravity of the risk that has prompted some of the greatest efforts of ethical speculation that the world has seen. One may not say perhaps that had the Sophists never arisen in Greece, Socrates would have lived and died unknown. But it is beyond doubting that neither Socrates nor Plato nor Aristotle would be numbered among the conscript fathers of philosophy had they not dedicated their lives to deliver the better minds of their generation from the sophistic theories that Might is Right, and individual hedonistic self-interest the measure of morality.

The situation repeats itself. In every community such as ours there are men born and bred with the rationalising instinct. Dogma, even when it takes the hybrid form of dogmatic theory, cannot satisfy their craving, nor intuitions, however glowing and prophetic, appease their appetite to understand. They hunger still for something more coherent, more intelligible, more rational. Followers afar off of Hume, they will not envy even the angels who hide their eyes with their wings. No; they will enquire, question, discuss, and doubt; and especially will they discuss and doubt the foundations of morality. And if the preachers and teachers of their generation—these "middlemen" to whom they look for light—have no light to give, then we shall have the spectacle of minds drifting rudderless from creeds in which they can find no rest, and from gospels in which they can find no coherence.

Every teacher of his generation must face the fact that he has minds like this to reckon with. The ethical insight in Robertson's sermons, the subtle persuasiveness of Newman's argument, the heart-moving music of *In Memoriam*, the wild prophetic fire of *Sartor Resartus*—even these will not win them. Nothing will win them but to give them more of what they want, to meet this

so reasonable longing for more light, to lead them on by every resource of rhetorical exposition to the pages of the masters who know because they think.

Hence the pity and the disaster of it, when our men of genius become μισόλογοι. They betray their trust. Does the officer of health refuse the light of the pathologist? or the doctor of the physiologist? or the engineer of the mathematician? or the statesman of the economist? Even our manufacturers—in days when practice is turning with a feverish anxiety to science—believe that the chemist or the electrician has something to tell them. Why then should our leaders of thought flatter themselves that they can afford to ignore the systematised reflection of the great philosophers upon man's life and destiny? It is no sufficient answer to say that philosophers are at variance. They *are* at variance, they have ever been at variance among themselves, and this would be in point if we went to them for dogmas. But it is not dogmas that we ask of them. It is the rationalising spirit, the methods of analysis, above all it is that passion and effort after coherency and consistency of conviction, in absence of which the thoughtful minds of any generation will remain for ever unsatisfied. This is what ages of discussion and doubt so sorely need. This is what philosophy never fails to give.

2.—Akin to this is the further service that ethical theory may do much to sustain belief in the essential reality of the moral ideal in days of transition and doubt.

For there is a weakness to which, at such times, the non-theorising person is prone; and it is never greater than when his unreasoned convictions are blindly strong. He is too apt to think that morality itself is staked upon the finality of the precise form in which the moral ideal has shaped itself in his imagination. The time comes

when this—this version of the ideal—is subjected to an inevitable criticism. It may be simply the criticism to which all ideals are subjected by life, or it may be the subtle sap of the casuist, or it may be the direct assault of the sceptic. The result is that, in proportion as this combined attack begins to prevail, he is apt to be panic-stricken, and to think that his moral world is tottering to its fall.

There are more ways than one of reassuring him. Have we not said that he can find shelter and retreat under some authority which may silence, though it cannot solve, his doubts? Have we not said that he may follow in the train of some great ethical prophet? For, of course, it is the glory of the ethical prophet that he has an eye that can divide asunder form and substance, and discern the eternally true behind, or through, its perishable embodiments. But there is a third way—the way of ethical theory. In its *results*, this is not unlike the last. For it, too, brings its message that the particular forms of moral ideal to which man's allegiance is given are, to the larger view, finite and transitory. It, too, discerns behind this flux of forms one and the same principle of never-dying moral life, persistently striving to realise itself anew under the endlessly varied and everchanging conditions of actual and imagined experience. It, too, in a word, discriminates between the forms that decay and the function that never dies; between the ideals which are but perishable textures of human imagination, and that imperishable fore-felt and in part foreseen moral end, for which from age to age and from place to place, the human spirit has been for ever labouring to weave a worthier vesture. And, indeed, the *results* are so much the same, that philosophy has been denounced for vexing itself, and vexing its votaries, by trying to do laboriously what prophetic insight can do by the swifter, easier way of intuition.

Away, haunt thou not me
Thou vain philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
* * * * * *
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore!

The answer is that, though the results be the same, the process is different. It is the ethical thinker's task to analyse experience, not simply his own (which may be a small thing), but also that larger experience of mankind which is written in the moral institutions of society, and not least in the lives of the reformers, teachers, saints, heroes, prophets of our race. From such analysis he does not return empty handed. He brings two convictions. One is the knowledge that it is the fate of all particular forms of the moral ideal (from which nothing can save them) to yield to the slow sap of the criticism of the morrow; and the other the complementary conviction that the moral life of which man is capable, and which he knows he is imperatively bound to realise, remains a far richer and loftier thing than has ever yet found its reflection in the imperfect mirror of human heart and conscience. Only be it noted that when we call these the convictions of an ethical philosopher, we mean that they rest, not on the fitful revelations of prophetic insight, which may so easily mistake the light that leads astray for light from Heaven, but on the firm ground of observation, analysis and proof.

It is for this reason that the genuine student of philosophy will, even in days of disintegration and doubt, look on without misgiving at the contradictions of moral

standards, the conflict of duties, the dilemmas of casuisty, the whisperings of the spirit of negation. For he will know, if he knows anything, that such things needs must come. He will have discounted them by anticipation. If he have the full courage of his convictions, he will take a further step still. For in those very contradictions and collisions, which are the terror of the dogmatist, and the despair of the unreasoning mind, and in the spectacle, always tragical enough, of some cherished ideal crumbling before mordant criticism, he will see but one more proof of the exhaustless vitality of that moral law which, for ever on the march, does but "strike its tent in order to begin a new journey."

3.—Ethical theory, then, can sustain the belief in the moral ideal. We may add now that it can powerfully affect the form which the moral ideal may from time to time assume.

There is a popular error here which needs correcting. It comes of the illusion that it devolves upon the philosopher to create his ideals, so to say, out of his own head. It would be truer (though yet not wholly true) to say that the philosopher creates nothing. For the duties or the virtues, which give substance, body, "content" to the philosopher's ideal, are not the creations of philosophy. They are the gradual discoveries of human experience—of the god-fearing reverence of the Hebrew, the self-controlled confidence of the Greek, of the domestic purity and civic devotion of the Roman, of the pitifulness and aspiration of the Christian, of the chivalry of the knight, of the integrity and justice of the modern world of industry and commerce. Not only do the virtues thus, by their own exhaustless life, spring up in profusion long before theory and theorists could be there to plant them; the same holds true of ideals. What can be more incon-

trovertible than that ideals existed ages before theory had come upon the scene at all?

Yet, though philosophy cannot, in this sense, create, it can remedy the grave imperfections in what is otherwise created. For it is the bane of moral education that one-half of its ideals are apt to be one-sided for lack of breadth; and the other half, incoherent and fragmentary for lack of unity. Nor are these imperfections that are easily avoided. For, on the one hand, whenever an ideal takes the form (as it so often does) of a type—a typical man, a typical society—it is apt to lose in breadth. Just in proportion as the type is vividly and correctly imaged, it surrenders its claim to comprehensiveness by becoming simply one type among others. On the other hand, if we begin to see that our moral ideal must be a wider and more many-sided thing than any single type can embody, we run an opposite risk. The unity of the ideal of type breaks up, and falls asunder, before the recognition of many qualities aggregated without regard to unity and proportion. Hence the multitude of ideals that have unity without breadth, and breadth without unity.

This is what philosophy can help to remedy. For, on the one side, it takes that wider survey of experience which brings home the conviction that the rightly nurtured human soul is too rich in possibilities to be everywhere moulded after any single concrete type, even the greatest. And, on the other hand, it has learnt by many an instance how the inculcation of virtues, however shining, will stiffen into formalism, if it be not saved from this by a vitalising conception, such as philosophy can give, of the supreme end—be it greatest happiness, duty, perfection, or what you will—in the light of which all the cardinal human virtues can be seen to cohere as diverse modes of approach towards what man has it in him to become.

4.—It is a greater service still that Ethical Theory can bring its students one step nearer that reasonable service that alone is perfect freedom. It is this that enables us to meet what is perhaps the most forcible of all the pleas for the disparagement of theory. Theory, it is said, does not really come to a man till his life is, in large measure, already determined, for good or for evil. He has chosen his vocation. He has formed his habits and built them into the fabric of character. He has wrought his moral ideal, whatever it be, into the texture of his life. As against all this, what can the belated gospel of ethical theory do? Are we to suppose it will work a miracle? Slow is the process and long is the way by which any bit of theory passes into the life. Is it not likely to be slower still, and longer, for those whose whole moral being has already taken set and shape under the great twin-influences of nurture and experience. "Surely it is impossible, or at least the hardest of tasks," and it is Aristotle who speaks, "to alter or remove what has been from of old engrained in the character."

The force of this must be acknowledged. It is undeniably true that, if men are in character good, ethical theory will not forthwith pervert them to vice. It is no less true that if they be bad, ethical theory will not forthwith convert them to virtue. Character is too stable a structure to rise, like the walls of Thebes, to the music of theories however persuasive, or to fall like the walls of Jericho to the blowing of all the trumpets of theorists, however aggressive. Yet it does not follow that because it cannot thus work revolutionary results, theory can do nothing. Far otherwise. It, and it alone, can complete the moral emancipation of man.

There is a morality that never asks the reason Why for the life of duty it nobly exemplifies. And when we

meet the men who live it we call them, with Wordsworth, the "bondsmen" of duty, not stumbling at the servile word because the service is so high. The word is better chosen than we may think. For bondsmen and no better they still are, and bondsmen they will remain (however glorious their service), so long as the grounds upon which service is rendered are unexamined and unintelligible. Even the service of a god is but a loftier slavery, if it leaves the reason of the servant darkened.

It is here that philosophy brings its message of emancipation. All ethical schools (unless we except intuitionism which is a kind of despair of explanation) attempt to explain the problem of moral obligation. Their solutions are different: their aim is one. Refusing to regard the duties of life, however fundamental, or cherished, or sacred, as facts that defy analysis, they ask the reason Why for one and all of them. Up to their light they give their answers, and even when their answers fail to satisfy, be it never said that they leave us no better than we were. For even then they at least bring us nearer that reasonable service, without which the bondsmen of duty still wear something of the livery of moral servitude.

You will not suppose me to say that even a perfect theory of moral obligation—were such conceivable—would of itself make its possessor morally free. This would be absurd. Men have painfully to work out their moral freedom in their lives. They must become freemen in habitual thought, feeling, desire, deed. Many an unlettered man who has been far enough from theories of any kind, has in this way wrought out, in sweat of soul, a substantial freedom, even under iron limitations, which he could neither alter nor understand. "Servitude," says Carlyle, "is a blessing and a great liberty, the greatest that can be given a man. So the shrewd little de Stäel,

on reconsidering and computing it, found that the place of all places ever known to her she had enjoyed the most freedom in was the Bastille." Need it be said that, in default of this—this actual achievement of the moral life—a knowledge of all the theories of moral obligation put together would profit us nothing.

The point is that, be this practical moral achievement never so splendid, philosophy has something to superadd. It can speak the last word of emancipation; not the spurious "emancipation" born of caprice, that would shake allegiance to our habitual duties, but that far other emancipation that rivets allegiance the closer, because it makes ito pen-eyed, intelligent, and reasonable. For this is the one service that, for a rational being, is perfect freedom.

5.—It remains to urge one further point. Theory can enable us to meet theory by theory; it can sustain our belief in the reality of the moral ideal; it can help to give to that ideal unity and breadth; and it can crown the struggle for moral freedom. Is it too much to claim that, beyond all this, it can quicken the moral life?

One suspects that philosophers are here apt to claim too little. Realising beyond all others how wide is the gulf between Theory and Practice, and well aware that it is not for philosophy to create so much as to systematise what is otherwise created, they come to underrate the quickening influences of the study of ethical fact. "It is not to be supposed," says T. H. Green, "that . . . . anyone for being a theoretic utilitarian has been a better man." When one studies the lives of the great utilitarians—of Bentham, the founder; of James Mill, the propagandist; of John Mill, the apostle—it is difficult to believe it. These men lived for the public good as few have done; and though they might have done this without their philosophy, one is driven to think, if there be truth

in biography, that as the idea of human happiness rose before their eyes in ever widening comprehensiveness, in ever increasing detail, it kindled within them a zeal for public good which would not otherwise, in measure so abounding, have entered into their lives.

So with ideals other than the utilitarian. Readers of Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics* cannot fail to feel the indomitable repressed fervour of its pages; and those who knew the man can never forget the unobtrusive passion for righteousness that shone through a character which shrank from expression of the deeper emotions. It was ethical temperament. It was habitual moral aspiration. But was it not likewise the fruit of a life-long reasoning reflection upon the moral possibilities of the soul, and of speculation resolute to the end upon the problem of human destiny. For it is false to say that the deeper ethical analysis, however scientific, blights the enthusiasm and freezes the feelings. It seems to be so only because feeling must be sternly held in check whilst analysis proceeds, lest we fall under the temptation of believing what we wish, not what we know, to be true. As we labour at the dull mechanic oar, our backs must needs be to that goodly land whither all the while we are tending. Yet, be it never forgotten that ethical analysis brings us, by its own path, into the presence of august and enduring objects—into the habitual presence of moral law, of public good, of the far off half-revealed and half-concealed possibilities of the individual life. The man who has looked upon these facts with what Plato called "the eye of the soul," will be other than that cold-blooded analyst in whom the world too often travesties the philosopher. For, after his own fashion, he will have been led to see the vision, and as he muses in his silent and solitary hours, the fire will burn within him.

THE ENGLISH MIRACLE PLAY.

By Rev. E. A. WESLEY, M.A.

The ancient Roman drama, which Gibbon describes as consisting of "Licentious farce, effeminate music, and splendid pageantry," disappeared under the ban of the church, during the sixth century, and with it passed away the traditions of acting. The drama of modern Europe is the indigenous growth of a Christian soil, and its birthplace was the Christian monastery.

At a very early period, a dramatic character had been imparted to the sacred office of the mass; during the tenth and eleventh centuries this element was further augmented on the festivals of patron saints by various dramatic interludes. The earliest of which we have detailed record were in connection with the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron of school children. For performers, the monks chose their younger members and the boys of the monastic school, and from this practice the acting profession for many generations came to be associated exclusively with the male sex.

In the Sarum Processionale are directions concerning the procession of the boy bishop, a curious dramatic performance in connection with the same St. Nicholas. Earlier than this we have records of singular performances in the churches of northern France, also associated with the mass and festival of the children's protector.

The term, miracle play, implies that the miracles of the saints was the subject of the drama. When the

mysteries of the faith were set forth in a spectacular form, the celebration was termed a "mystery," but the distinction is not observed by English authorities. The earliest mention of a miracle play in England is found in Matthew Paris, who tells us that a school-master named Geoffrey, who kept a school at Dunstable, wishing his boys to perform a play, borrowed the vestments required from a neighbouring abbey, but that in the night a fire occurred, and they were all burnt up. Geoffrey, who was a pious man, regarded the disaster as a proof of the righteous wrath of heaven for his ungodly sacrilege, and by way of compensation offered himself as a novice at the monastery, of which he subsequently became abbot. Matthew Paris, though he records this performance, does not tell us whether it was the first played in England, nor whence it came. In the absence of definite information it has been assumed that the ecclesiastics who came over in the train of William the Conqueror brought the plays over with them. More probably they were introduced by monastic bodies, that made settlements on our shores at various times subsequent to the Conquest, when the settled condition of the country enabled the monks to open schools. Sometimes they were performed in Latin, and sometimes in Norman French, a fact that may be interpreted in two ways. Either Latin plays were translated into the court language for the benefit of the English aristocracy, or they were imported from Normandy after translation. The larger monasteries in northern France set up daughter houses in England under the protection of the great lords, and where the religious houses went education followed, for, as in our days, trade follows the flag, in the 11th and 12th centuries, schools followed the monks. There was much coming and going between the parent and branch houses, and the transportation of religious plays as school

exercises would naturally take place. What was done abroad was done at home, for the younger houses in England were extremely conservative, and closely copied the elder institutions abroad. We may safely infer that both Latin and Norman-French plays were thus imported. For many years their performance appears to have been confined to the monastic schools, and the schools attached to cathedral and collegiate churches. There is no evidence that they became general, or were acted in villages, like those mentioned by Carew as taking place in Cornwall, till a very much later period. There is a manuscript of plays that has been on insufficient evidence ascribed to the Grey Friars of Coventry, which has a preface indicating that it was intended for general use in any town or village that might like to adopt it. The end of the prologue reads:—

> A Sunday next if that we may
> At VI of the bell we gynne our play
> In N——town, wherefor we pray
> That God now be your spede. Amen.

but the date of this manuscript is the last quarter of the 15th century.

Dramatic additions to the festival services at Easter and Whitsuntide became increasingly frequent in country churches during the 12th century, but these, though dramatic in character, were not really plays, but rather expansions of the dramatic element which, as we have seen, had already been admitted into the liturgy. From the constant mention of peculiar uses at particular places, and from the cumulation of local peculiarities in the local rituals of Bangor, Sarum, and Hereford, we clearly perceive there was little uniformity in those days. Each village, apparently, tried to surpass its neighbour in the celebration of the greater festivals and in the honour shown to its own patron saint. For a long time the

miracle plays were confined to these festal celebrations. It was then that the people flocked in from outlying hamlets and lonely farms, and the concourse naturally led to the transaction of secular as well as religious business. Hence the patron saint's day became the day of the fair, and statutes and charters were granted by kings or great nobles to legalize and regulate such assemblages.

On fair days and other seasons when the people flocked in, the parish priest, with commendable zeal, would try to attract the country folk to his church, at least to hear mass, before they drifted off to the booths and cattle pens. With this object in view he would embroider his service with dramatic touches, in which processions and litanies would form a part. These vagaries, however, were not always acceptable to the higher clergy, who began to question the propriety of many acts that had grown customary on fair days in town and village churches. Hence we find bishops admonishing priests that church porches and churchyards were more fitting places for the performance of miracle plays than a consecrated building. This view was not altogether acceptable to the local clergy, who found the dramas parochially helpful. So a compromise was effected. The clergy were allowed a few limited additions to their services on the three great festivals, while the plays were turned out of doors. And here we may digress for a moment to follow the fate of these liturgical additions.

Lambarde, in his Topological Dictionary, written in the latter part of the 16th century, mentions a singular local usage that had survived to his day in St. Paul's Cathedral. He says he remembered as a child "the comyne of the Holy Ghoste set forthe by a white pigeon that was let to fly out of a hole that is yet to be sene in the mydst of the roofe of the greate ile."

The clergy of Witney, in Kent, in the reign of Henry VII used dolls to illustrate the mystery of the resurrection. The bambinos and groups of religious statuary at Christmas, Epiphany, Passiontide, and Easter, to be seen in Roman Catholic churches in our own times are vestiges of ancient dramatic additions that were common in England during the Middle Ages.

But to resume the story of the religious drama. Freed from the fetters imposed on it by the position it had held in the service of the mass, the play began to shape itself on new and more liberal lines.

And here came in another difficulty. With the development of the play came up an old question, that of the propriety of persons in holy orders playing the parts of robbers and buffoons. The bishops objected to their inferior clergy thus lowering themselves in the eyes of the people. Already laymen had been called in to help out the performances. The bishops desired to extend the practice, and with this view forbade the clergy taking any actual part in the representations; and thus the stage ceased to be under the immediate direction of the church. From the chancel the plays migrated to the nave, from the nave to the porch, thence to the churchyard, and finally to the street. Although debarred from taking a personal share in the acting, the clergy were by no means disposed to relinquish a method of teaching the illiterate peasantry that had already proved so attractive and effective. Actors must be procured at any cost. It was necessary to take prompt measures, for already there were rivals on the scene. Companies of strolling actors, jugglers, minstrels, and mountebanks had invaded the towns at fair time and were drawing away the people from the church, sometimes performing scriptural plays in the vulgar tongue.

To get rid of these interlopers the old ecclesiastical

statutes, originally framed against the licentious Roman drama, were revived. The mountebanks were excommunicated, and all who attended their shows were put under ban, but the clergy were wise enough to know that this alone would be of little effect. A counter attraction must be offered. As St. Augustine, on landing on our shores, replaced heathen festivals with Christian feasts, the clergy would defeat the devil and his strolling players by offering to the people a better and purer play.

Now there existed in almost all the larger towns, and in many of the smaller, societies of workmen and masters practising their art and mystery under the protection of ancient charters. These guilds embraced masters, journeymen, and apprentices. They had their own guild hall in the city, and, in many cases, a chantry in the church, supported by their own contributions. They maintained their sick members, provided almshouses or doles for the aged, buried the dead, and provided a chantry priest to pray for their souls. Some of these guilds were both wealthy and powerful, protecting their members from foreign or alien competition, and from the exactions of the great overlords. Above all they were eminently religious. Under their auspicies, and from their funds, churches had been built and endowed. In all the large towns the churches bore testimony to their munificence, and their guild banners hung over the heads of the master craftsmen when they attended church in state.

It was to the members of these trade guilds that the clergy looked for help, nor looked in vain. But here was a difficulty at the very threshold. How were these lay men to recite their latin parts? Clearly they could not do it. Why not then do what the jugglers had been doing, why not present their play in the mother tongue? This in time was the course resolved upon.

Henceforward, England was to have a drama of her own. The actors were to be no longer an ecclesiastical company; they would be selected from the common people. Ability, not position, for the future should regulate the caste. The theatre would be no longer a sacred precinct in which a play could only be performed on sufferance. From this time the theatre would be the street. Last, and most important change of all, the Latin of the old school-boy plays, the Latin of the ecclesiastic should yield place to the language of the people.

Such changes were bound to affect profoundly the future of the drama. Under the management of the trades guilds, a body of skilled actors was slowly evolved; and through the performance of popular plays the audience acquired the power of criticising. Without these the story of the British drama would have been brief, uneventful, and undistinguished.

But the churchmen who promoted the production of the plays, who at first supplied the words and encouraged the people to attend by offering rewards in the form of indulgences, had little thought of the remote consequences of their actions. To them the value of the drama was educational and devotional. To teach without schools and without books, a people only partially civilized, and still wedded to many an ancient pagan superstition, was a task worthy of the successors of Augustine. Hitherto the plays had been associated only with the festival on which they were celebrated, but those brought out under the joint auspices of the church and the guilds dealt with sacred history from its dawn to its close; they told the story of Creation, the fall of man, the first murder, the sins that brought the wrath of God on the antediluvian world, the lives of Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, the mysteries of prophecy, the Advent of the

Redeemer, His life, His death and resurrection. They peered into the future, and told of Anti-christ and the Day of Doom. Such was the programme of the new educational movement, a movement that was to prepare the way for yet more reverent handling of the sacred story in after days. Meanwhile, these plays were preparing the popular mind, so that when the time came, that the art of printing should make the Bible accessible to the laity, it would not be an unknown volume. The assertions of reformers, and still more of their blind admirers, that the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries were dark ages in which the Bible was kept back from the people, are destitute of foundation. The people were taught it as they were able to understand it. Very few could read, but the plays, which almost every man, woman, and child, must have seen, would have rendered the commonalty far more familiar with the main incidents of the Scripture narrative, and of its spiritual import, than many a well brought-up Sunday school boy of the present day, for the eye learns faster from living pictures than from printed words.

And now it is time to turn to the miracle plays as they were performed in the hey-day of their popularity.

By good fortune, several sets have come down to us of the Chester, Coventry, York, and Wakefield plays. The York series consisted of some fifty short dramas, covering the whole of Scripture history, beginning with the creation, and extending to the end of the world. There are forty-eight in the Ashburnham manuscript, but the number was variable; some years a particular guild not having performed its play. They were presented on the stage by the guilds chiefly on the festival of Corpus Christi, each guild taking its own play, for which it provided its own stage and properties. The stages employed

in the large towns were moveable cars, with a canopy over them. The space between the wheels was curtained off and used as a dressing room, and there were one or more trap doors by which the actors could ascend to the stage. In some cases the canopy covered a two-story structure, and in the stationary stages used in Normandy, there was occasionally a three-fold division, the top story representing Heaven; the middle, earth; and the lowest, hell; and there was a screw arrangement by which individuals could slowly be removed from one to another, as in the rapture of Elijah, Christ's descent into limbo, called the Harrowing of Hell, or, in the Ascension of our Saviour.

The carts on which the plays of York were performed were drawn by horses from street to street. The spectators remained in their places when the play had been performed on one particular spot, and awaited the arrival of the next car. A messenger was usually despatched to the next stopping place when a play was drawing to a close to warn the actors of their approach. In this manner the whole series of plays could be seen by the company that had assembled in any particular part of town.

The York plays are interesting on account of the interpolation of extraneous matter into the scripture narrative. For example, the Cain and Abel scene, when we meet with Cain's servant, who seems to have been a species of stage clown introduced for the sole purpose of raising a laugh. The Wakefield plays, also, which are to a considerable extent a replica of those of York, contain a curious comic scene introducing the Shepherds of Bethlehem. A cunning shepherd named Mak pretends he has had a dream, in which it has been revealed to him that his wife, during his absence, has given birth to a child. This he tells to his comrades, and when they are composed to sleep, Mak

makes off with one of their sheep. On their awakening they discover the theft, and suspicion naturally falls upon Mak, who has returned and pretends to be asleep. A search is instituted, and the missing sheep is discovered in Mak's house, wrapped in baby clothes, and lying in a cradle. The struggle to get the sheep into the baby's clothes, and the efforts of Mak to divert attention from the cradle while the house is being searched, must have been sufficiently amusing. Both the York and Wakefield plays were written in the Northumbrian dialect.

The Coventry series, as they have come to us, are not the actual set performed by the trades' guilds, and from the preface they seem to have been compiled for representation in any locality, but the actual play of the shearmen and tailors has been recovered, and a reprint of it will be found in the Liverpool Free Library. The play deals with the nativity, the flight into Egypt, and the massacre of the innocents. The character of Herod is given in exaggerated burlesque. He storms on the stage in a gaudy costume, and swaggers about, not only there, but among the audience; for as the stage direction quaintly runs—"Here Erode rages in the pagond, and in the street also." The massacre of the innocents contains a pretty lullaby cradle song for the mothers of Bethlehem, forming a pathetic contrast to the rude and boisterous acting of Herod.

In the selection of plays for representation, the guilds appear to have been sometimes guided by a sense of congruity. In the Chester series, the drapers acted Adam and Eve, whose clothing with fig leaves forms part of the action. Both figures were fully draped. The shipwrights at York, and the water drawers of Chester chose the building of the ark. The York goldsmiths appropriately selected the visit of the Magi, with their golden gift. The vintners had the miracle of turning water into

wine, while the Chester cooks claimed the harrowing of hell.

The Chester plays begin with the fall of Lucifer, and go on to the Creation, the expulsion, and the killing of Abel. In the course of the latter play, the events succeed one another with a confusing rapidity. Scarcely have the delinquents been expelled from Paradise, but Cain and Abel appear on the scene full grown; there is no stage direction for God or the four angels that are supposed to guard the gate to withdraw. Most likely they stepped to the back of the stage, where they were supposed not to be seen, while they awaited the falling of the curse. In this play, Adam attempts a pun on the word woman:—

> Yea south sayde I in propesye
> When thou was taken of my bodye
> Man's woo thou woulde be witterlye
> Therefore tho was so named.

While the Creator administers His rebuke to our fallen parents, it is directed that the minstrels play softly,—a stage device that has long been wedded with theatrical usage. In the play of the Flood, Noah's wife is brought in as a humorous and strong minded woman, who declines to enter the ark at her husband's bidding when she should, and goes off to drink with her gossips at a tavern. This lady says to her friend:—

> For all a draughte thou drinkes a quart,
> And so will I or I go.
> Here is a pottill of Malmsine, good and stronge;
> It will rejoyce both harte and tonge;
> Though Noye thinke us never so longe
> Heare we will drink alike (also).

Ultimately, Shem, Ham and Japhet have to drag her away by force, whereupon she boxes her husband's ears, and he cries, "Marrie this is hotte."

Perhaps the best play in the Chester collection, from a literary and dramatic point of view, is that of Abraham and Isaac. The conversation between father and son leads very naturally and effectively to the scene of the sacrifice. The child pleads for his life, and when he finds Abraham's purpose cannot be altered, he exclaims :—

> Woulde God my mother were here with me
> Shee would kneele downe upon her knee,
> Prainge you, father if it maye be
> For to save my liffe.

Then in a touching passage he begs his father not to tell his mother what has befallen him; next he intreats that his eyes may be bound lest he should cry at the sight of the knife. When the preparations are nearly complete, the little one asks to be allowed to take off his jacket for fear the blood should stain it, but Abraham recognises the excuse for putting off the inevitable, and will not delay. Then the child, forgetting his former request, bids Abraham to take his love to his mother and little brothers :—

> Father, greete well my brethren yonge,
> And praye my mother of her blessinge,
> I come no more under her wynge,
> Farewell for ever and aye.

At the conclusion of this and other scenes, an expositor arrives, who tells the people the prophetic nature of the incident. This expositor is one of a series of allegorical characters, who make their appearance in the later miracle plays, and are the precursors of a multitude of similar characters in the allegories and masks that succeeded the religious drama in England. Such instances of dramatic insight from the Chester series could easily be multiplied, in fact these plays have evidently been constructed by one who thoroughly understood his business.

After the advent of Christ has harrowed hell, and the

Lord with his saints have triumphantly passed from the scene, an ale-wife, who has in the days of her sojourning cheated her customers and encouraged gambling, is comforted by attendant demons, who assure her there is no risk of her being called away from her present warm quarters. Satan addresses her thus:—

> Welckome, deare darlinge, to us all three,
> Though Jesus be gone with our meanye,
> Yet shall thou abyde here still with me
> In paine without ende.

Then the second demon speaks:—

> Welckome, deare ladye, I shall thee wedd,
> For many a heavy and droncken head,
> Cause of thy ale, were brought to bed,
> Farre worse than any beaste.

After this the third demon adds his salute:—

> Welckome, deare daughter, to endless balle,
> Usinge cardes, dice, and cuppes small,
> With many false outhes to sell thy ale,
> Now thou shall have a feaste.

In other plays, bakers who sell short weight, and fashionable people who do not heed the poor are similarly gibbeted.

In the shepherd's play three boys are introduced who present the swaddled babe with their little gifts, a bottle, a hood, a pipe, and a nutt hocke. This latter gift is presented in these words:—

> Thou wilte for sweeté meaté look,
> To pull downe aples, peares, and plumes,
> Oulde Joseph shall not need to hurt his thombes
> Because thou hast not plenty of crombes
> I give thee here my nutt hocke.

The money for the provision of the stages or pageants on which these plays were presented, and all the incidental

expenses of the performance was provided by a levy on the members of the craft, varying from a penny to eightpence. The crafts that had no play were compelled to contribute to those that had, while foreigners or persons not connected with any of the guilds were mulcted in double the amount. Two pageant masters were appointed by each guild to superintend the performance, and in York a small council of expert actors was assigned the duty of examining those who were proposed by the various guilds to ascertain their competence to sustain the parts apportioned them. There was also a prompter whose functions were onerous or light according to the proficiency of the players. In Carew's days the Cornish players made no pretence to learn their words, and relied wholly on the man who carried the book; but by his time the plays were falling into disrepute.

The pageants, or moveable stages, were kept in suitable sheds, and the accounts of the guilds sometimes record the rent paid and the cost of painting the canopy and oiling the wheels. The Ark, which was a ship with sails and ropes, when not in use, was sometimes kept in church suspended from the roof. On its side were painted all sorts of beasts, and when the play was performed the rarest animals and birds that could be obtained in the town were borrowed for the occasion. This practice of borrowing extended to dresses, for we have an entry of "xijd paid to Mistress Grymesby for the loan of her dress for Pilate's wife."

One, Fawston, for hanging Judas, received 4d, and he got a groat also for crowing like a cock to bring Peter to repentance. The helmet the devil wore seems often to have required repair, and those that have seen the doomsday painting in the clerestory of Gloucester Cathedral, a picture obviously like most of the dooms taken from the

scenes on the pageant, will remember that the demons there knock one another about mercilessly. Starch had to be provided for the storm. A painted cloth, half black and half white, was used in France to illustrate the separation of light from darkness, and many other properties are mentioned in old account-books. For mending hell twopence was disbursed, and another entry names threepence as the cost of painting hell-mouth. Coal, too, had to be found, for hell's mouth was a practicable fire, and occasionally set the pageant ablaze. The world, too, had to be burned up, and fivepence was paid for this, which may be considered cheap for the amount of work done.

For their refreshment during the course of the day, or at the rehearsals, we read of a provision of two ribs of beef and a goose. At Coventry, the players in rehearsal consumed nine gallons of ale to seven pennyworth of bread. Again, we find a payment for light refreshments as the pageant laboriously toiled over the stony causeway. "Payd the players for drynkyng at the Swanne's door 2/8." Players, too, received wages. Here we have the irreverent entry, "Imprimis, paid to God, 11s.; Cyphas had 3/4; Herod (a popular part) the same; Pilate's wife, 2/-," for which she was expected to rave as one demented. The devil and Judas, who probably duplicated their parts, had 17d. In this same list of payments we find mention of what we should now call the band, "Mynstrells, 14d."

The beards and hair of holy persons were gilt, and this too had to be paid for, as also the leathern coat illuminated and gilt for Christ. Herod had a gown of satin and blue buckram, with a helmet and mask.

For authorship sometimes considerable sums were disbursed, no less than £13 6s. 8d. having been given by the Coventry people for a new play written to order on the Destruction of Jerusalem, by an Oxford scholar named

Smythe. Considering the value of money then, this was handsome remuneration. For copying out the parts the payment of many small sums occurs.

Amongst the records of properties we find some curious entries, as "halfe a yarde of red sea," a barrel of stones for an earthquake; a huge dragon's head, with jaws to open and shut, forming the entrance to a tower, on the top of which a company of demons were perched who clubbed one another to shew their quarrelsome disposition. This was the celebrated hell-mouth. The demons wore grotesque head-dresses and were attired as "tormentours," or executioners. Inside "hell mothe" there was a brazier in which a smoky fire of tallow and pitch was kept roaring.

At the height of their popularity in the reign of Henry the seventh, the plays were attended by enormous crowds, and no little money must have been taken for seats at windows and on scaffolds erected for spectators. Of their educational value, the testimony of the Rev. John Shaw, who had charge of the parish of Cartmel, in Lancashire, in 1644, is of value. In the course of his pastoral rounds, this clergyman discovered an ignorant parishioner who did not know how many Gods there were, nor had heard of Jesus Christ until his questioner spoke of the crucifixion, which brought to the man's mind a play at Kendal he had witnessed, "where there was a man on a tree, and blood ran down on the wood." The Kendal performance, it may be mentioned, was the last ever given in Lancashire, and it took place in the beginning of the reign of James the first. Stowe tells us that the Clerkenwell plays were performed in the presence of the most part of the nobles and gentles of England.

The dissolution of the monasteries is popularly supposed to have brought about a discontinuance of the miracle

plays, but the suppression of the trades guilds by Henry the eighth was the real cause. After this act of spoliation, the impoverished companies had little heart, we may suppose, for plays. Their property had been seized, their guild halls confiscated and sold, their alms houses despoiled, all was gone. Certain it is, that few plays were given after this cruel robbery. The Puritan influences too were against the plays. As the Coventry people expressed it when defending a curious performance they gave in commemoration of a massacre of the Danes before Queen Elizabeth, the preachers, "commendable for their behaviour and learning, and sweet in their sermons," were "somewhat too sour in preaching away their pastime."

After the abandonment of the miracle plays, moralities gradually came into fashion, and these in turn were replaced by plays founded on Italian and other French tales in the Elizabethan age. Shakespeare, possibly as a boy, witnessed the last performance of the miracle plays at Coventry, and the wild acting of Herod may have led him in after years to write of boisterous actors "out heroding Herod." Chaucer tells us his miller had been in the habit of playing Herod "on a scaffold high." But, as in the course of years, the text of the scripture-plays was forgotten, Herod merged his royalty in that of Alexander the Great or Pontius Pilate. In the mumming at Whitehaven in the early part of this century, Herod had become Alexander, while in the popular Punch and Judy, he is confused with Pilate. Punch, it will be remembered, kills his own child. This is a survival from the ancient play, the Massacre of the Innocents, the climax of which is the slaughter by Herod's soldiers of the monarch's own child. As to the name Punch, it is generally supposed to be a corruption of Pontius, the Roman Governor, in

which case Judy is a corrupt form of Judas, modified in sex through confusion with a common female name. The hanging of Judas by the Devil was a feature of the miracle plays, popular in medieval times, and is still greeted with applause when it re-appears in the street puppet show. The actual staff in use by Pontius Pilate and Herod was discovered by Mr. Sharp, the antiquary, in a cupboard in the old Capper's chapel in Coventry, along with an ancient cresset and some pieces of rusty armour. It is covered with leather, to soften the blows the fiery ruler was accustomed to give to his enemies when he played his stormy part on the ancient stage.

The spectacular presentation of Scripture scenes must have profoundly affected pictorial art, in days when the artists mingled with the throng of spectators. The doom's day pictures of which so many remain, are clear reminiscences of the famous "hell mothe" of the old plays.

What the monk saw on Corpus Christi day he would reproduce in the illuminated missal or book of hours, nor shall we be far wrong, when we look on the quaint old pictures that illustrate early printed books or stained glass windows, in deriving their inspiration from the scenes once familiar on the stage to Englishmen of all sorts and conditions before the influence of Italian art had been felt, or the renaissance had introduced new ideals.

In the Chester series an expositor is introduced who points out the moral which the play is supposed to carry. Occasionally a purely allegorical character makes his appearance as the incarnation of a virtue or vice. These allegorical characters are tedious to modern readers, but appear to have been exceedingly popular in their day. With the decline and disappearance of the religious drama, they practically flooded the stage, for the moralities or stage processions of virtues and vices which were in vogue

in the reigns of James the first and Elizabeth, were little better than dreary parades of such lay figures without action or human interest. They accustomed the public, however, to the presentation of religious and moral truths in human form, and thus paved the way for the allegorists, whose many contributions to literature, culminating in the immortal *Pilgrim's Progress*, may be regarded as the latter-day fruit of the ancient drama.

But England owes more to the old plays than a few stained windows, a few missal paintings, or a hint to the writers of allegory. The ancient drama, which was in every sense the drama of the people, performed by the people and criticised by them, fostered the growth of dramatic talent over the entire land, and without such preliminary work, the playwrights of the Elizabethan age would have been utterly at a loss. A great wave of dramatic genius swept over the land in the days of Queen Bess, but whence did it come? Waves of thought, literary or artistic, do not arise spontaneously. They are ever the final results of tides that have long and slowly been mounting. It was the old religious plays that gave Englishmen a taste for the drama, that furnished the actors, and that supplied a critical public. Without these three there can be no national drama. England to-day has no national drama, because the practice of theatre going is confined to a few, the vast mass of the nation being practically indifferent, and unable to criticise, or even to tell a good play from a bad one.

Very different was the condition of public opinion in the days of Shakespeare! Then there were amateur or professional actors in every important town. The genius of the country was directed to the stage. Prose story telling was unknown; the old play writers had accustomed the people to demand stories in verse, stories acted and

staged. So long as the actor's art lay within the straight limits prescribed by the church, so long as the plays were confined to scripture stories, or pale faced moralities, dramatic art in its highest form could not find expression. But when, with the extension of reformation ideas, the church drew away from the old pageant, and left the stage to the secular actor and secular plays, all the forces making for a national drama came into play.

Would any modern dramatist have dared to introduce Bottom, the weaver, and his goodly company, now that tradesmen actors are no longer familiar figures in the daily life of a large town? Bottom, and Quince, and the rest are drawn from the life, but what a revelation of popular taste, what a natural bent for the drama does that interlude in Midsummer Night's Dream reveal! Of plays within plays, since then there have been one or two, notably the Critic. But what a difference! The play there is no longer the spontaneous outcome of rustic effort, but the deliberate performance of stage tried actors, accustomed to properties and footlights.

The air was full of stage instincts and preferences when the great dramatists appeared, and those dramatic influences, that mighty tide that bore Shakespeare and Marlowe on its breast, started centuries before in the old monastic schools. It swept by the walls of the city and village church, it broadened out into the streets, it overspread the land from Northumberland to Cornwall. No strange and unaccountable appearance of genius before unknown begot the Elizabethan drama. It was the peaceful growth of dramatic instincts, storing up through the years canons of acting, stage methods, musical and spectacular, stage contrasts and poses, training to stage actors and stage critics, and it was of such antecedent influences that the Elizabethan drama was the glorious crown and flower.

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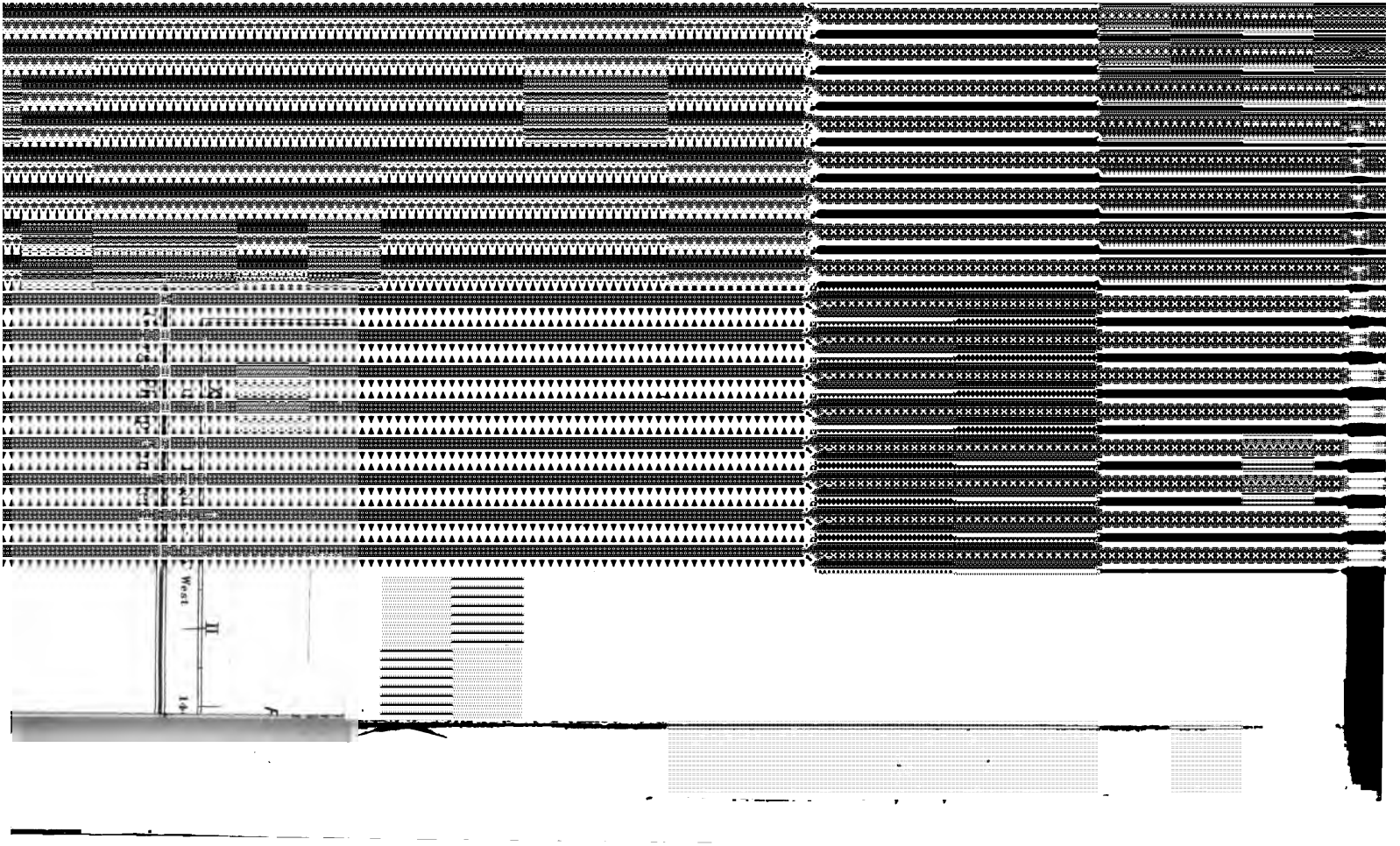
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THE GROWTH OF GREATER BRITAIN—A REVIEW AND A FORECAST.

By GEORGE PHILIP, Jun., F.R.G.S.

Few events in human history have exercised a more profound influence on the destinies of mankind than the discoveries of Christopher Columbus and Vasca da Gama in the closing years of the 15th century. The New World exercised, as it were, the attractive force of a magnet, drawing the centre of civilization away from the shores of the Mediterranean westwards to the Atlantic sea-board. The maritime powers of western Europe were not slow in waking up to the consciousness of the favourable change these great discoveries had made in their geographical position; the effect of the New World was almost immediately apparent on their economic development, and on the wars and alliances of the period, and Spain and Portugal, Holland and France, and last of all England, entered upon that long epoch of colonial rivalry in which the theatre of war was less seldom in America and Asia than in Europe, and from which England, the last, and at first sight the least favourably situated of all the competitors, has alone carved out a permanent Colonial Empire.

The discoveries of the New World and the sea-route to the Indies mark the beginning of modern English history. Previous to their date the British Isles were but a detached fragment of Europe; as soon as a new world and a highway to the East were disclosed, the growth of a Greater Britain became at least a possibility. And, while

from the beginning of the 16th down to the end of the 18th century, the statesmen, both of England and the continent, seemed occupied with questions almost exclusively affecting the map of Europe, there was taking place a mighty struggle for the larger inheritance of the future, the possession of the New World and of India; a struggle unrecognised at the time, save by a few, who, in the words of Milton, foresaw in the future—

England, standing with her daughter lands around her.

The story of this momentous struggle forms the keynote of modern English history, and falls into two periods. The first dates from the awakening of England to the advantages of her geographical position, and to the consciousness of her maritime vocation:—from the time of her buccaneering expeditions against the Spanish Main, and the destruction of the "Invincible" Armada. It is marked in the 17th century by the colonisation of Virginia, New England, and Maryland, and later of Carolina and Pennsylvania, largely by settlers driven from the home country because of their unauthorised religious and political opinions; by the growth of a colonial trade, and by the foundation of our future naval greatness under Blake. The early part of the 17th century is taken up by our struggle with Spain and Holland and the acquisition of Jamaica, New York, and Bombay; and in its latter portion we are fighting a duel, mainly with the rising colonial power of France, which ends for a time in the treaty of Utrecht in 1710, by which we received Newfoundland, Nova Scotia (or Acadia), and the Hudson Bay Territory from France; and from Spain, Gibraltar, Minorca, St. Christopher in the West Indies, and facilities for slave-trading in Spanish-America. In the 18th century we have the decline of Holland, and a renewal of the struggle

for colonial supremacy with France and her ally Spain, extending to the treaty of Paris in 1763, which marks the culminating point of English power in the 18th century. Never before had England been so great or so feared, her naval power was now supreme, while the whole of North America seemed well on the way to be established as an integral part of the British Empire, when suddenly, only twenty years after the treaty of Paris, our thirteen North American Colonies secede, and the first period of our colonial history ends with what might well seem to be the downfall of Greater Britain. For you will see from the map that the whole extent of our colonial empire, after the declaration of independence of the United States, consisted—in America, of Lower Canada (the population of which however, was mainly of French origin), New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia (the former French Acadia), Newfoundland, and the majority of our present West Indian islands; in Africa, of small factories on the Gambia and Gold Coast and at Sierra Leone; and in Asia, of a fringe of territory in India, the germ of our future Indian Empire.

The early portion of the second period of our colonial history is chiefly remarkable for the driving of France from India, the wresting of the Cape and Ceylon from Holland, and of Trinidad and Demerara from Spain, and also for the fact that Australia, which was first explored by the Dutch, and New Zealand, which still bears the name given it by its Dutch discoverers, fell into the hands of the English. Thus, out of the ruins of our old colonial empire, a new dominion sprang into being; the old materialistic colonial system, which, more than anything else, had been responsible for the falling away of the thirteen American provinces, was abandoned; the great stain of slavery was removed, and the present century has

been marked by the steady and, on the whole, peaceful settlement and development of our colonies in North America, Africa, and Australasia, and by the expansion and consolidation of our military power in India.

Now, as we stand on the threshold of another century, we can scarcely avoid seeing that a new epoch of international colonial rivalry has commenced, that we are at the beginning of a new period of our colonial history. The evidence of this sudden development in international politics is visible in the feverish desire which has of recent years been displayed by the European powers to extend their borders, and to found colonial empires; we ourselves, have joined in the general territorial scramble, and even the United States, relaxing her policy of splendid isolation, has ventured on a colonial career in Cuba, the Philippines, and Hawaii.

It is evident that this new policy of expansion, which had its beginning in 1882, and has already resulted in the at least nominal acquisition by our European rivals of over 5,000,000 square miles of territory, an area more than a fifth larger than the whole of Europe, and an extension of our own dominions, exclusive of Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan, of over two-and-a-half million square miles, is an event of the profoundest political importance, and must in the future increasingly affect our foreign relations with other powers, and more and more shape our own national destiny.

There are among us two schools of politicians whose views regarding our colonial empire, and the policy that should be pursued in connexion with it, are absolutely and irreconcilably opposed to each other. The little Englander, as the representative of the one, views the rapid expansion of our borders with dismay; he urges, indeed, the abandonment of our colonies as being burdensome and profit-

less to ourselves, and a growing source of danger, and advocates a return to our insularity. The Imperialist, who represents the second school, is dazzled with a vision of Greater Britain encircling the earth with its dominions, dominating the world with its power and wealth; and he exultingly accords to the British race a peculiar gift for successful administration and colonisation. He it is of whom Mark Twain was thinking when he ascribed the Beatitude—"Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth"—to the British race.

Now, we must agree with the pessimistic school of politicians in so far that we cannot see any cause for patriotic gratification in the mere fact of the magnitude of the British Empire, or any reason why the connexion between England and her colonies should be maintained unless it can be proved that their union is beneficial alike to mother-country and daughter-states, but at the same time we cannot admit that these daughter-states are mere dependencies of the United Kingdom, which are only to be retained if directly profitable to ourselves, and to be abandoned if their possession be thought to be against our own interests. The question then arises, What are the present relations of the United Kingdom to Greater Britain, and what are they likely to be in the future?

In any attempt to understand these relations we must first of all be careful to draw a distinction between the various types of colonies or dependencies, which together make up our colonial empire, for it would be absurd to consider a tropical country like India, inhabited by a vast native population alien to us in race and all the conditions of life, from the same stand-point as that from which we view temperate regions such as British America or Australasia, which are occupied mainly by people of the same race as ourselves.

Briefly, then, there are four leading types of colony or dependency, all of which are represented in Greater Britain—

I. The Agricultural Colony, or Colony of Settlement, which is in reality an augmentation of the territory of a State, the population of which has overgrown its own borders, and the climate and natural resources of which so closely approximate to those of the mother-country that the colonists can permanently settle and engage in active work without deterioration of race or character. The chief value of the agricultural colony, then, is its land, and its produce forms the principal permanent industry. Typical agricultural colonies are British America and Australia.

II. The Plantation Colony. In this type of colony the land is of the same importance as in the agricultural settlement, its cultivation being the staple industry of its inhabitants, but, owing to climatic conditions, the white man can only *direct* native labour; he cannot himself work as an agriculturist. Such colonies are therefore useless for extensive settlement by the white races. Typical instances of plantation colonies are the West Indian Islands, the Shire Highlands in Central Africa, and Ceylon.

III. The Commercial Settlement. This type of colony stands on a different footing to either of the preceding from the fact that the land is of secondary importance, its main value consisting in its geographical position as a gate of trade commanding the highways of commerce, and facilitating or protecting the foreign trade of the home country, either as a coaling or naval station. Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Singapore, and Hong Kong are typical instances.

IV. The Military Dependency is the fourth type of colony, and consists in the occupation of a foreign and

generally tropical territory by a race alien to the native population. It can only be maintained by an armed force sufficiently strong to keep the native races under subjection. Such were the colonial empires of Spain and Portugal in the past, such is the great dependency of India, and such, too, are our recent acquisitions of tropical territory in the Dark Continent.

The backbone of our colonial empire, then, must needs be the great colonies of settlement — British America, Australasia, and South Africa, for colonisation in the true sense of the term means the acquisition of new and unoccupied territory in those temperate regions of the world where the surplus population of the mother-country can permanently settle under climatic and other conditions similar to those enjoyed by the parent-state. For it is in the temperate regions of the globe that the upward development of the human race to an even higher civilization takes place. They form the ultimate belt of empire, and it was fortunate indeed for England, at a time when all the Western European Powers only regarded colonies as being valuable if they furnished gold and silver and spices, or an asylum for political or religious refugees, that she should have acquired in her long struggle for colonial supremacy, not the thickly peopled tropical lands of the New World, which so quickly sapped the vitality of Spain and Portugal, but those thinly populated White man's regions of the globe, wherein her sons could find a congenial climate and unlimited room for expansion.

If, before proceeding to the recent expansion of Greater Britain, we refer again to the map, the remarkable fact becomes at once apparent that the characteristic feature of the first two periods of our colonial expansion was the occupation of the White Man's regions of the globe, and this at a time when, owing to our comparatively small

home population, colonies were not so much expected to afford new areas for agricultural settlement as to supply a steady revenue in the shape of precious metals and tropical products; whereas the chief feature of our modern expansion, and that of our continental rivals as well, has been the augmentation of territory in tropical countries, precisely those regions where the overflowing populations of present day Europe cannot permanently settle.

If we take the 30th parallels of North and South latitude as forming the boundaries of that tropical zone which is useless as a field for European settlement, we see that, practically, all our recent important acquisitions of territory fall within it;—Baluchistan, Burma, British Borneo, New Guinea, Rhodesia, British Central Africa, Nigeria, the Gold Coast Hinterland, British Somali-land, British East Africa, the Eastern Sudan, and the greater part of Egypt.

But this recent period of colonial expansion, which, as I have stated, may be said to have begun in the year 1882, is as remarkable for the internal economic growth of our agricultural colonies as for the extension of our tropical dominions. With the object of analysing this recent development of our agricultural colonies, I have gone in some detail, into the region of statistics, from which the following summary will be sufficient to prove their enormous expansion in every direction during the last few years.

To begin with, the *population* of our agricultural colonies,—British North America, Australasia, and South Africa (exclusive of the coloured races) has increased from 7,629,000 in 1882, to 10,680,000 in 1897, the last date for which figures are available, an increase in the 15 years of more than 3½ millions, or 48 per cent.

The *revenue* of these colonies within the same period

has increased from 34 to 50½ millions, an increase of 16½ millions sterling, or 48 per cent; and the *foreign trade, i.e.*, the Imports and Exports, from £178,800,000 to £240,200,000, an increase of £61,400,000, or 34 per cent.

Thus, if the white population of our agricultural colonies goes on increasing at the present rate, in another half century they will more than equal that of the home-country, and the total population of the English-speaking portion of Greater Britain will approximate to the then population either of Russia or the United States, while the immense and still undeveloped resources they possess guarantee that they will maintain at least a commercial and political equality with these powers.

Passing over, in this hurried survey, our Plantation and Commercial Colonies, the former as being, at least in the immediate future, incapable of supporting a much larger population than at present, and as not likely to attain any further great economic development, and the latter, being as they are the connecting links between the scattered portions of the Empire, and as such, scarcely possessing any existence apart from that of the Empire to which they belong, we come to what I have termed our military dependencies, and notably India.

The expansion of our rule over tropical countries during the last 17 years has been a very remarkable one. In 1882 the total area of the British Empire, exclusive of the United Kingdom and the Agricultural colonies was upwards of 1,600,000 square miles, at the present time it is 4,290,000 square miles, an increase of 2,690,000 square miles, or 168 per cent. If we include Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan, the total area of our tropical possessions is 5¾ millions square miles, an increase within the last 17 years of over 4,150,000 of square miles of territory, equal to 34½ times the area of the British Islands!

The population of the subject races within the same period (including those of South Africa) has grown from 245 millions to 320 millions, an increase of 75 millions, or, if we include Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan, to 337 millions, a total increase of 92 millions, considerably more than twice the number of inhabitants in the British Isles.

Now I refrain from wearying you further with the dry bones of statistics, but even the few figures I have given show how remarkable has been the recent growth of the Empire. Recognising then that this expansion has been by far the most important feature of our modern history, the question naturally rises to our minds, Can an Empire, so vast in extent and so scattered, including such startling varieties of race and climate hope to be of a permanent character? Can a single power expect permanently and successfully to carry on a double policy—a military despotism in Asia and in Africa, an enlightened democracy in America and Australia—be at one and at the same time the ruler of the greatest Mohammedan power in the world, the guardian of Brahminism, Buddhism, Paganism, and the champion of Christianity and free thought? It is the solution of these questions, says a modern historian, that forms the goal to which modern English history is travelling. Let us for a moment examine them, and first, as regards the future of agricultural colonies.

There are two alternatives before us, either the colonies may break up into independent states, with the result that the United Kingdom would relapse to the position of a European power, or the ties that now bind us to our colonies may be drawn more closely, with the ultimate outcome that the English-speaking portion of the British Empire will stand on an equality with the future powers of the first class, Russia and the United States. For there

can be no doubt that the Great Powers will be far vaster in extent and population in the future than in the past; and though a small state can be sufficiently prosperous and strong, so long as it is one among rival states no larger than itself in extent or power, it would sink into insignificance besides such vast empires as those two states of the East and West which are even now beginning to reach their maturity. For already Russia has a population of 130,000,000, and unlimited room for expansion in her vast Asiatic dominions; and the United States, a population of 65,000,000, with enormous economic resources. Compared to these powers, the United Kingdom, shorn of her colonies, would be, 50 years hence, a state but of secondary importance; with them, a Greater Britain occupying a position of the first rank and power. The retention of the colonies is, therefore, essential if our position as one of the premier powers is to be maintained.

It is urged, however, that Greater Britain is an artificial growth, that it possesses no geographical unity, that in every quarter of the globe it is vulnerable to attack, and the decay of former colonial empires such as those of Spain and Portugal is instanced to show the fate that must overtake so scattered an empire. But with the introduction of steam and electricity, conditions have wholly changed. Distance has to a certain extent been annihilated, and we are in a sense in closer touch with the most distant portions of our Empire to-day than, a century ago, London was with Scotland or Ireland.

But it is urged that, even if the Empire escape destruction from a foreign foe, it is bound to succumb to internal disintegration, and the fact of the secession of our former American colonies is brought in as conclusive evidence of the law that, as soon as colonies are mature, they will drop off, like ripe fruit, from the parent tree.

Again, it seems to me that the conditions are wholly changed. These colonies fell away, not because they had arrived at maturity, but because they were colonies administered,—and most badly administered,—on the old colonial system, a system which, with the victory of Free Trade in the forties, was finally abandoned.

And even were our Colonies proved to be merely burdensome to us, and a constant source of danger, are we, therefore, justified in attempting to get rid of them? If true colonisation means simply an augmentation of the national territory, then Englishmen who find in our colonies new lands for settlement, surely remain as essentially British citizens as those Englishmen who reclaim waste or unoccupied land within our own islands? If we admit this, we must cease thinking of our colonies as mere "possessions," a word which is itself a survival of our old colonial system, which we are free to abandon or retain at our pleasure, but must regard them as actual, though detached portions of a Greater Britain, as essentially British as are Lancashire or Cheshire; and between them and ourselves there can be no question of a snapping of the ties for fear of any dangers a continued union may involve.

But it seems to me, when we regard the future of the United Kingdom and her agricultural colonies, as if their present union had all the elements of stability. Their union is, or should be, strong, because it is based on the fundamental conditions which bind states together—community of race, of language, religion, traditions, customs, and, as I have tried to show, of mutual interest also,—perhaps the principal factor of them all.

When, however, we come to consider our relations to our tropical dependencies, we must admit that the arguments in favour of their retention and expansion are less easy to maintain.

In the first place, they do not fulfil the primary condition of a colony in supplying new lands for the settlement of the surplus home population.

Secondly, they are undoubtedly a great strain on our resources, in demanding an annual sacrifice of valuable lives for their administration, and of treasure for their naval and military defence.

Thirdly, their possession constantly exposes us to a double danger; on the one hand, that the safeguarding of their interests may embroil us in war with foreign powers, and on the other, that there is always the risk of internal risings against our authority, in the suppression of which our strength may be exhausted. Thus, if we abandoned India, the fear of a war with our great rival, Russia, would pass away, and likewise, of a second catastrophe like the Indian Mutiny.

Lastly, we are told that the policy we have inaugurated towards our tropical dependencies is a blind walking in the dark. We have assumed the responsibility of maintaining law and order, and of promoting the social amelioration of one fourth of the total population of the world; and in return for this we exact no tribute, we gain no direct advantage. We are attempting an absolutely novel experiment without a parallel in history—the government on disinterested principles, by a system founded on public opinion and carried out by small bands of experts entirely alien in blood and methods of thought to the governed races, of these teeming tropical regions, and to what end?

Now, we have seen that the great rivalry of the past for the inheritance of the White man's regions of the globe has been decided to the almost exclusive advantage of the Anglo-Saxon race. The present century has seen the gradual filling up of these temperate regions, and also the

development of a new and all important factor in modern civilization—Industrialism. The growth of industrialism in Europe and the United States, and the improvement in communications, have led to a diminution of those natural advantages which insured our commercial supremacy in the past, and we are feeling an ever keener competition on the part of new commercial powers to take from us as large a share as possible of the trade of the world.

Under these changed conditions, therefore, it becomes imperative for us to open out new markets for our manufactures, and in the tropics only shall we now find any large and as yet undeveloped field for commercial enterprise.

We sometimes forget the extent to which our modern trade and civilization already rest on the products of the tropics. The total trade of the United Kingdom in 1897 amounted to 745½ millions, 200 millions of which were with the various portions of the British Empire. Of these 200 millions of exclusively British trade no less than 115½ millions were with our tropical possessions, or nearly half as much again as our total trade with our agricultural colonies. As our trade with tropical countries not under British protection amounts to more than 36 millions a year, our total trade with the tropics reaches the enormous figures of over 150 millions per annum.

The maintenance of our trade relations with the tropics, and the opening up of new markets in these regions is therefore vital to our industrial prosperity; and the policy of our new colonial rivals in railing off their tropical possessions by hostile tariffs, for their own exclusive profit, demands that we should participate in the general scramble for the control of the tropics, and not release our hold of those portions we had already secured.

As regards the danger of outward attack, that we

cannot evade; we can but endeavour to minimise its risk by the strength and efficiency of our naval and military power. And as regards the danger of general native risings, especially in India, we may remember, to our comfort, that the idea of Nationality is practically non-existent in the native mind, and in India the medley of races and religions is so great that a fusion into a single nationality is almost inconceivable. So great is this want of cohesion, that our Indian Empire was indeed largely gained, and the Mutiny in a great measure suppressed, by the aid of native troops, disciplined by Europeans.

We must, nevertheless, admit that we have taken up a heavy task in assuming the administration of these vast regions, a task from which we would perhaps, if we could, escape, a task more stupendous than has ever been assigned to any nation in the past. But having put our hands to the plough we may not now turn back; the position of our future relations to the tropics must be faced, and the policy settled on most likely to assure for these relations permanence and stability.

For the increasing demands of modern civilization for the products of the tropics require that they should be developed; and as they cannot be so by the natives themselves it must be by the aid of the white man, and in one or other of two ways. Either in the way practically adopted by our colonial rivals, the application of the old principle of exploiting the colony for the benefit of the occupying power; the introduction of hostile tariffs to shut out foreign competitors, as, for instance, in Madagascar; restrictions on foreign commerce, as the confining of the carrying trade to Algeria to French ships; forced native labour, as in Java; or else the application of the loftier principle, that the tropics are to be governed for the

benefit of the subject races. I have hitherto spoken of our control of the tropics entirely from the standpoint of our British interests, but surely, if we have any right to be in tropical countries at all, it is not for sordid reasons of trade and policy, but because we are there in the name of civilization, to promote law and order, and to ameliorate the social condition of the native peoples. It was the recognition in our policy of the principle that we hold the tropics as a great trust for civilization that marked the beginning of a new and a better era in our Indian administration, which distinguishes our occupation of Egypt, and which, by the pressure of an enlightened public opinion, must be brought to bear on the government of all our tropical dominions.

This new policy must be, to be successful, based upon the recognition of the facts that the white man cannot be permanently acclimatized in the tropics, that the good government of the tropics, by the natives themselves, has never existed and never can exist, and that, therefore, the tropics must be controlled from the temperate regions; and further, that the administrators who wield the government of tropical regions, must be constantly reinforced from home, and always subject to the scrutiny of an enlightened public opinion.

A word more and I have finished. I have, as far as Greater Britain is concerned, confining that expression to the English-speaking portion of the empire, endeavoured to show that, united as we are by the ties of blood, language, religion, and a political equality, there should be little danger of disruption, and that this danger, if it exist at all, is lessened by the additional band of mutual interest which must draw us ever closer to the bond of a federation founded on liberty, self-reliance, and strength.

As regards the future of our tropical dominions, the

issue is less clear. Who can say what will ultimately be the effect of the grafting of our western civilization on the Orientalism of India—on the native savagery of tropical Africa. Be the issue what it will, we can but go forward with a strong heart, participating, it is true, with the prosperity we are building up in these tropical possessions, neglected and misruled so long, but participating only in an equal degree with the rest of the world, and advancing the cause of civilization, and the highest good of the subject races, who also are citizens of Greater Britain.

The whole duty of Empire is well-summed up in the lines of our Imperialist poet, Rudyard Kipling:—

Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!—
(Humble ye. my people, and be fearful in your mirth)
For the Lord our God most high, He hath made the deep as dry.
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth!

Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealèd us;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale,
Except ye pay the Lord, single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble tale

Keep ye the law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the lands of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford,
Make ye sure to each his own that he reap where he hath sown
By the peace among our peoples, let men know we serve the Lord.

SOME RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

By KEITH MONSARRAT, M.B., F.R.C.S.

It is many years now since the Rosetta stone supplied to historical students the key wherewith they might unlock the secrets of Ancient Egypt, hidden, curiously enough, in a form of writing than which there is but one stage more primitive. If there were wanting evidence of the far-reaching influence of religion through the many centuries of Ancient Egypt, it would be supplied by the persistence and the stereotyping of this hieroglyphic form of writing, the sacred type. Any other civilisation when it had reached the stage when first the Egyptians became historical would have left this form long behind. Not so the Egyptians; and not because their intellects were slow to develop, or because their literary acquirements remained primitive, but because the form was that in which the gods had been written about in time past, from time immemorial, and because their minds continued from century to century to be occupied disproportionately with things religious, the ancient sacred writing preserved its place. For in no part of the world, perhaps, and for no such length of time, has religion had so commanding and moulding an influence on the whole of social life as we find it possessed of in what we call Ancient Egypt. The Assyrian, and, later, the Hebrew, contemporary competitors, devout as they were, were not so perpetually exercised on religious matters, and made no such strenuous and continuous efforts to please and propitiate the deity.

We may say, with only slight exaggeration, that for the greater part of the period under consideration, the Egyptian was a religious man before anything else. He was not so much a devotee—a worshipper—as himself part of a great religious system. At the head of this system, humanly speaking, was the King, and through him, and in virtue of the divinity in his nature, each of his subjects finds and feels himself in direct union, without break, with ultimate deity.

We may perhaps find some explanation of this piety in the natural surroundings and circumstances in which the nation lived. The land of Egypt was no garden in which the tiller of the soil had but to turn the sod and straightway there would spring up all he could desire of grain and fruit. The narrow strip of arable land on either side of the Nile could with difficulty be induced to yield subsistence by means of continuous tilling and irrigation, and was only too ready to return to barrenness if full advantage were not taken of the yearly inundation. The Egyptian was thus a man of toil all his days; life was a hard struggle; what wonder that he exercised his mind on hopes of future happiness denied him here, and in the earliest times his devotions seem to have circled round this one idea almost exclusively. He was also so completely at the mercy of the elements, the yearly inundation, a perpetual mystery to him, the rains, the sun, that he continually felt the necessity of propitiating the supernatural powers he conceived of as controlling them. The future life, as I have said, was his chief concern from the very beginning, and the earlier inscriptions that have come down to us are almost all funereal. In later times, also, whatever the festival or the ceremony, we nearly always find a funereal element introduced as a climax; after a series of prayers, offerings and sacrifices, and a

series of promises from the gods in return, we find usually, as a culminating point, promises of future bliss and future transformation, which are represented in the sculptures of the festival, and, as it were, complete it.

Privately, and in his own home, the Egyptian was a pious man. He brought the first fruits of his harvest to the servants of the god; he avoided what the god hated, and took especial care of the particular natural object which was the emblem of this god on earth.

By combining anthropomorphism, which his belief in the divine nature of the King impressed on him, with the freest flights of imagination on the infinite and spirit attributes of deity, he acquired religious happiness. There was little logic in his theology; at one time we find him in the depths of apparent polytheism, the next moment carried on the crest of a wave to the contemplation of the most sublime monotheism. Incongruities in these ideas troubled him not at all, and, in spite of what are to us intellectually incompatible conceptions, he seems to have found his religion satisfying, inspiring, and consoling.

There has been much difference of opinion amongst eminent Egyptologists on the question of Egyptian monotheism. Probably Egyptian religion was never consistently either monotheistic or polytheistic; it seems to have been continually trembling on the verge of monotheism, but never to have committed itself entirely to the idea, though possibly the philosophers and the priesthood may have completely accepted the doctrine at some periods of history.

In his house the Egyptian erected an oratory, and placed therein the emblem or the statue of the god. Before this he daily made offering and adoration. His liturgy taught him "in the sanctuary of the god, clamour is an abomination to him. Pray for thyself with a loving

heart in prayers wherein the words remain hidden, that he may supply thy need, hear thy words and accept thine offering." But just as the pyramids throw into the shade all private tombs, so acts of private piety are altogether eclipsed by the ostentatious piety of the King and the State. To grasp the full significance of the King's part in religious ceremonies we must remember that he is for the nation high priest and intermediary to the gods, and, at the same time, himself divine. It is he who in all the great festivals makes the offerings to the gods, but he also, like the gods, has a shrine or abode to which he attains after various acts of ritual, where he receives, as they do, homage and adoration, and is addressed as "the good god, the living Horus." The usual title of the King in the sculptures is "Horus, uniting the two countries, lord of the double crown of the vulture and the asp, of abiding splendour, the Golden Horus, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra, the speaker of truth, son of Ra." We can imagine that the kings were not reluctant to accept the rôle of Son of the Gods, and in truth they seem to have risen to their responsibilities, if vying with each other in erecting temples and celebrating elaborate festivals can be so considered. Some reached the acme of the recognition of their own divinity by erecting temples in their own honour; for example the great temple at Soleb, dedicated to himself by Amenhotep III. In these elaborate festivals the general mass of the people had little or no share, and in the temples in which they took place there is no provision whatever for anything like public worship. The most they could see of the ceremonies of a festival would be the processions through the court of the temple, or possibly in the temple precincts, and perhaps also those which took place on the roof. Those admitted within the temple seem all to have either belonged to the priestly

order or to have had some definitely appointed place in the ceremonies. Certainly none but a few of highest rank ever entered the holy place, and there is evidence to prove that the King alone really entered the Holy of Holies, the actual sanctuary, at any rate at the great festivals. The colonnade in advance of the courtyard was the only place to which the public was actually admitted.

We have records, some of them very ambiguous, of many feasts, festivals and ceremonies. We have accounts of the daily ceremonies at Abydos and Thebes; of the festivals of the new year; and of festivals recurring after a fixed period of years. Festivals also of temple dedication, as at Denderah; of the visit of one deity to another as at Edfu; coronation festivals; festivals of the rising of the Nile, and so on.

All these were performed, at least in the times of the middle and new empires, with elaborate ritual; of the festivals of the old empire we have almost no records, but those we have justify us in holding the opinion that, even in that remote period, festivals were numerous and ceremonial elaborate.

It is of the Ptolemaic times that we have the fullest information. In the temples of these times the walls are covered with tier after tier of inscription and pictorial representation. The Ptolemaic sculptor endeavoured to leave a full record of all the ceremonies that took place within the walls, the earlier artist thought not so much of this as of the artistic quality of his work. Therefore, the latter was unwilling to crowd his walls, he was content to occupy with one subject a space which his later brother would have utilised for twenty or more, and there is therefore many a gap in his representation.

Considered as a whole, the ceremonial worship may be said to have consisted of four chief elements. Firstly, acts

of adoration and supplication; secondly, the recitation of prayers, hymns, and pious ejaculations; thirdly, offerings and sacrifices; and, lastly, processions.

From Thebes and Abydos, as we have already said, we have splendid examples of the regular ceremonial worship of a temple; the main features in both places are identical. The rites were performed by one of a class of priests called "Priests of the Days." The ordinary temple consisted of first, the colonnade of pillars, then the court, reached through a pylon flanked by two great quadrangular towers. From the court a gateway led into what we call the hypostyle hall, and still further, a door opposite led into the chamber, or Holy place, which contained the sanctuary or Most Holy Place. Opening out of the Holy Place were a series of chambers used in the temple service.

Through the court of the temple the priest passed into the hypostyle hall, and offered incense, saying, "I come into Thy presence, O Great God! having purified myself. As I passed the Goddess Tefnut she purified me. I am a prophet, and come to do what should be done, and not what should not be done." Then passing on into the Holy Place, he approached the shrine, opened the door by breaking the seal of clay, and said, "The Clay is broken and the seal unfastened that the door may be opened; all that is in me of evil I cast thus on the ground." Then he first incensed the Asp, the royal emblem, before the shrine, and addressed it by all its titles, and under its protection reverently entered the shrine itself, reciting these words, "Let thy seat be exalted and thy robes adorned; the princes of the lady of heaven come unto thee, they descend from the heavens and from the ends of the earth that they may hear praise before Thee."

Then, lastly, he approached the casket, ark or taber-

nacle, where the emblem or statue of the god rested, saying, "Peace to the god, Peace to the god, the living spirit. Thy Spirit is within me, thine image is near me; I am pure; the king brought to thee thy statue, which is sustained by the presentation of the royal offerings."

Then he commenced the robing and perfuming of the statue; he put upon the god the dress Nems, saying,— "Come white dress! come white dress! come white eye of Horus! The gods dress themselves with thee, in thy name Dress, the gods adorn themselves with thee, in thy name Adornment." Then was put on the great-dress and insignia, the sceptre, the crook, the scourge, the bracelets and anklets and the plumes. Lastly, the god was adorned with collar and amulet, and six bands, two white, two red, two green, and all details of the ritual were accompanied by the recitation of liturgical formulæ.

The cermony is now complete. The priest goes out of the shrine saying, four times, "Come Thoth, thou who hast freed the eye of Horus from his enemies, let no evil man or woman enter this temple. Ptah closes the door, Thoth makes it fast, closed and fastened with the bolt." These constituted merely a part of the ceremonies required; there were also numerous details of purification, personal to the priest and for the temple, and incensings without number. When he first saw the statue, the priest is enjoined thus, "Kiss the ground, throw thyself on thy face, throw thyself entirely on thy face, kiss the ground with thy face downwards, offer incense."

It would be a tedious and confusing method to enumerate the various fragmentary accounts of festivals which we possess. In many cases we are quite uncertain of the nature of the festival to which records refer, and of the interpretation of many individual acts of ritual we are

equally ignorant, because the mythology and mythological tales on which they are based are unknown to us.

I have chosen, therefore, to take one particular festival of which we know a considerable amount, and to describe and discuss the ceremonial. The festival is the one known as Heb Sed, or the Sed festival. This was held at the close of each period of twenty-eight or thirty years, and celebrated by whatever monarch happened to be on the throne, independently of the years of his own reign. Its recurrence rested on an astronomical basis which I will proceed to explain. The Egyptians used a year of 365 days; it followed, therefore, that the nominal beginning of each year was a quarter of a day too soon. Therefore, every four years a day was slipped, and the nominal months of the year began a day too soon. In twenty-eight years, therefore, the months began a week too soon, and in 1,460 years all the nominal months had rotated through all the seasons. This loss of a day every four years was known very early in Egyptian history, and was used by the astronomer priests to construct a great cosmic cycle.

Now, some method of noting the absolute months was a necessity, and of course the place of the sun among the stars most truly shows the exact period of the year; but how were they to observe both sun and stars, when to begin with, they were without any mode of time division, and time recording. This difficulty was got over by noting on what day a particular star could be seen first, at its emerging from the glow of the sunlight, and this was spoken of as its heliacal rising.

In actual practice they observed Sirius, or Sothis, and as the stars all rise and set earlier every night, they observed what was the first night of the year on which Sothis could just be seen emerging from the glow of the

sunlight at dawn; this was the heliacal rising of Sothis. Hence, from using Sothis for the observation, the whole cycle during which the months rotated through the seasons was called the Sothic cycle. As we have above noted, at the close of each twenty-eight year period, Sirius rose a week later in the calendar, the months, as a matter of actual fact, being a week earlier. This week gained was celebrated every twenty-eight years as a Sothic, or, as it was known to the Egyptians, a Sed festival. For some unexplained reason the festival was celebrated sometimes at the end of twenty-eight, sometimes at the end of a period of thirty years.

Very early in history we meet with the festival. At the quarries of Hammamhat was found an inscription, giving the information that Pepi I of the 6th dynasty celebrated the festival in the 18th year of his reign; this would be, according to Brugsch's chronology about 3,000 B.C. Another inscription in the same quarries mentions a celebration in the 2nd year of Mentuhotep II. The festival had nothing to do with the years of the monarch's reign as several Egyptologists have supposed. They have been led into this error by the fact that the vanity of Rameses II persuaded him to transfer the cycle to his own reign, and to begin a series of Sed festivals on his 30th year, and even repeat them every three years afterwards. But this method of reckoning was peculiar to Ra-user-ma II, and does not affect the fact that the festival had really an astronomical basis.

The festival is mentioned fairly frequently. Tahutmes I mentions on an obelisk a celebration in the year 1526. Hàtshepsut erected two obelisks at Karnak, and on the greater mentions a Sed festival in her 16th year, in which her brother, Tahutmes III seems to have joined her. The sides bear a splendidly cut line of hieroglyphics down

the centre, with the scenes of Tahutmes and Hatshepsut making offering to Amen in all his various characters. After an adoration to Amen, she says, "She hath made this as a monument to her father, Amen, lord of the thrones of the two lands, dwelling in Thebes. I have done this from a heart full of love for my father, Amen. I have entered upon the way in which he conducted me from the beginning, all my acts were according to his mighty spirit."

Tahutmes III twenty-eight years afterwards celebrated a return of the festival, as we find recorded on a tablet from El Berseh. At Medeenet-Haboo, Merenptah records a celebration in the 2nd year of his reign. Of still greater interest is the record at Soleb, on the temple which Amenhotep III dedicated to his living spirit on earth. He belongs to the 18th dynasty. The king is accompanied by the royal mother, Tyi, and his two daughters, and the ceremonies of a Sed festival are recorded on the walls of the towers forming the great pylon.

On a corresponding part of the great temple at Bubastis, we have the most complete representation of all, the festival which Usarkon II celebrated on the first day of the month Khoiak. Wherever the record of the festival occurs it is held in honour of Amen; the name Tonen or Ta-tonen, which is also found in the sculptures, is almost certainly one of the titles of Amen. At Bubastis we find the goddess Bast accompanying and directing Usarkon; she had acquired too great importance in the 18th dynasty to be left out of the representations altogether, but it is not in her honour that the festival is held. In the great Harris Papyrus, Tonen appears in connection with the festival. Rameses III says, "I made thee the first Sed festival in the great festival of Tonen, I redoubled to thee what was done in the pavilion," and at another place

"said the king of the upper country, Ra-user-ma, beloved of Amen, the living, the good god to his father, Ptah, the chief of the southern wall, living god of the two countries; said the king of the upper country, Ra-user-ma, beloved of Amen the great god, to his father, Ptah, the noble god, living lord of the two countries, Ta-tonen, father of the gods, lord of the tall plumes, Ta-tonen, first builder of men, maker of gods, first of the first, all coming after him, making the heavens, founding the earth, in that he made it himself, encircling it with the waters of the great sea, making the empyreal gateway to give rest to the dead, causing the sun to shine down living for ages, lord of eternity, living lord, giving breath to nostrils, and life to all men."

In this passage we have Tonen mentioned thrice, also Amen and Ptah. Here, Tonen appears to be identified with both gods, and much might be said for the theory that they are all three but forms of the one conception of deity under different aspects. However that may be, it is Amen who is the presiding deity at the festival wherever it is celebrated.

The first ceremonies consist of propitiatory offerings to the local gods and to Thoth. At Bubastis, offering is made to Bast, as she is the patron deity of the temple, and the offerings to Thoth arise from the fact that he is the god who presides over all calculation and science. It is he, therefore, who causes the Sed period to recur, he reckons the days, the months, and periods. These offerings would take place in the temple court, or possibly at the pylon-gate. They consist not of actual gifts, but of sacred emblems, such as that known as the Clepsydra, an emblem connected with the calculation of time, or of a statuette of the god or goddess addressed, held on the open palm and raised with prayers and offerings of incense

and wine and adorations before the shrine. All such offerings were accompanied by prayers, and of these prayers we have many examples of great beauty. The following give a fair idea of their character:—

A prayer to Osiris:—

I come to thee, Great God, Osiris, who dwellest in the west. I am delighted to contemplate thy beauty. My arms are stretched out to adore thy majesty. Accord unto me splendour, power, justification, to breathe the delicious breath of air, and to be manifested in Kerneter in all the transformations that I love.

A prayer for the dead:—

Approach thou to him; may he enter thy bosom every day. Give him strength to pass the gates of the inferior heaven. Give him the life which was before thee, the breath of the resurrection which is after thee, the entrance and the departure which are in thy power.

A prayer to Ptah:—

O Ptah, Great God of hidden form, Thou watchest when thou art at rest, father of all fathers. Watcher who traversest the endless ages of eternity. The heaven was yet uncreated, uncreated was the earth, the waters flowed not. Thou hast shaped the earth, thou hast united its parts, thou hast reckoned thy members; O God, fashioner of the earth, thou art without father, begotten by thine own becoming, without mother, being born by repetition of thyself. Thou drivest away the darkness by the beams of thine eye.

A prayer to Amen Ra:—

Hail to thee, Amen Ra, lord of the thrones of the earth, the ancient of heaven, the oldest of the earth, Lord of all existence, the support of all things. The one in his works, single amongst the Gods. Maker of all things above and below, enlightener of the earth, sailing in heaven in tranquillity, King Ra, triumphant one.

While the King is making these offerings and reciting the ritual prayers, a procession is forming which is to accompany him to the pavilion. At first, the King wears a

helmet; but, once he enters the temple, he dons the double crown, and is joined by his Queen. The royal women always took a prominent part in the religious ceremonies, and we have many proofs of this in the inscriptions; for example, we have a tablet of Ramerka, where he is making offerings to Amen Ra, Mut and Khonsu, behind him stand first the royal sister, royal mother, Queen of the land of Kush, who pours out a libation with the left hand, then the royal Sister, wife of the life, Madsenen, holding in her left hand a sistrum, and pouring a libation with her right, and thirdly, the royal daughter.

We shall meet with the royal daughters in the festival we are considering. The Queen here holds the scourge and the ank, or symbol of life. The procession behind the King is headed by a priest of high rank, called neter, then men ejaculating to one-another "on the ground, on the ground," probably exhorting the by-standers to prostrate themselves. Then priests with scrolls in their hands belonging to the school of sacred writers, who know all about the ceremonies to be performed, and all the details of the ritual.

The next picture shews us the continuance of the procession, headed by the King and Queen. Here are high civil functionaries, carrying the symbols of their offices, and then comes the shrine of a god carried on the shoulders of six priests. This god is Apuat or Anubis of the South, represented as a jackal. The occurrence of Apuat here is somewhat puzzling; what connection has he with the festival of Amen? Apuat is called, "He who opens the way," and is a form of Osiris. He is connected in some way with the dying year, and is emblematic of the winter solstice, the god who causes the aged sun to be renewed and to revive under the form of Horus. We meet with him in festivals of the new year. For example,

in an inscription of Pianchi-Mer-Amen to the following effect:—he is threatening vengeance on some political enemies—"If after performing the ceremony of the opening of the year, I make oblation to my father, Amen, when he makes his excellent manifestation at that festival, and I go forth in peace to see Amen in his excellent festival of Apuat, and I glorify him in his image in Apuat of the South, on the night at the panegyry of Menta in the city of Thebes, the festival which he appointed for Ra in the first day, and I conduct him to his temple resting on his throne, then I will make all the land of Egypt taste my finger." To Seti I Apuat of the south says: "I come, bringing life and happiness, thou art renewed like Horus as king." The inscription below the shrine reads, "The departure, carrying the god towards the great hall."

Before the shrine comes a priestess, then a priest carrying the emblem of Horus; behind the shrine comes the important priest, called the Kherheb, seldom absent from a procession of any kind; he recites the liturgy and directs the whole proceeding. Then come priests with various emblems, mostly with some reference to Apuat. Apuat being thus connected with the new year we can understand his place at the commencement of a festival held at the beginning of the year, even though it is a special festival of the kind.

The procession headed by the King and Queen is on its way to a throne probably in the hypostyle hall. This throne is placed on a raised platform, open on all sides, to which access is given by four staircases. The King turns successively to the four cardinal points, first to the south, then the north, west, and east. Each time two divinities stand near him and give him benediction. In the sculpture he faces the south, and three priests go up the stair and offer him emblems, the standards of Amen, Ra, and

of the Ka of the King. While they go up the stair a priest says, "Horus rises and rests on his southern throne, then is the sky united with the earth." This is repeated when the King seats himself in the other attitudes, with variation. The whole ceremony seems to mean that the gods bless the King anew at the beginning of the period and acknowledge his divine nature as one with themselves. Before the throne priests prostrate themselves as before a god, and in front of them is a long train of prophets carrying the emblems of the names of Egypt, no doubt to convey the meaning that the whole land is confirmed anew to the royal house by the gods as an inalienable possession.

But the apotheosis of the King is not complete until he has rested in what is called the Pavilion of the Sed festival. This Pavilion is on the roof, and is reached by staircases in the walls of the sanctuary or holy place. It is a kind of canopy supported by four lotus pillars. The King is seated in the attitude of Osiris, and before the Pavilion the priest Gens receives the emblems of Amen Ra and the Ka of the King as before.

We have a most graphic representation of the ascent of a procession to a shrine on the roof at Denderah. The inscriptions are on the walls of the staircase, and the procession consists of Ptolemy, followed by numerous standard-bearers, hierophants, &c. Here, too, it appears to have immediately preceded the central point of the festival, and to constitute a kind of preparation or elevation of the King before he performed the most sacred and mysterious rite of all.

In every festival the processions are of great importance; no great festival is without them. Clemens gives an interesting description of one as it was in his day. First came the reciter priest, the Kherheb, with the

books of the wisdom of Thoth; then a priest bearing astronomical symbols, who is learned in the lore of the stars; then the chief scribe carrying papyrus rolls, it is he who is versed in the most sacred writings and symbols; then comes the priest who presides over the sacrifices and offerings, carrying the staff of measurement and the wine cup, and the chief prophet who carries a water jar. Interspersed amongst them are priests and prophets carrying various emblems. One of the most splendid examples of a procession is that of the coronation festival of Rameses III, represented at Medeenet-Haboo.

The King is here carried on a palanquin by twelve royal sons bearing plumes as signs of their rank, and is followed by priest scribes and troops, the latter carrying the steps of the throne on which the King is to rest.

Before him are the Kherheb priests, offering incense to him, and a band of musicians. This procession succeeds a scene where the King makes offerings to Amen Ra.

The ascent to the Pavilion closes the first part of the ceremonies. The scenes coming next illustrate "the rising of the god," in other words, Usarkon descending from the Pavilion, is carried in procession himself to the most holy place, the shrine, and, invoking the presence of Amen, causes the shrine of the god to be brought forth, or, in the words of the inscriptions, "causes the manifestation of the god." We see him carried on the shoulders of six priests; then descending from the canopy, he proceeds alone to the shrine of Amen.

At Abydos we see the King, Seti I, sitting on the same throne, carried by the spirits of the north and south, and a goddess says to him, "Thou sittest on thy throne, Sep, at the Sed festival, like Ra at the beginning of the year."

The next scene illustrates the further progress of

Usarkon to the shrine; he first offers incense before a shrine containing the emblem of Apuat. He is alone, the shrine itself is too sacred for any but himself to enter. But the Queen, Karoama, and her three daughters are near at hand. The King wears in all the last three scenes the southern crown. In all festivals we find the same state of affairs; there are ceremonies first where the King wears the double crown, but later there are ceremonies peculiar to the south, and others peculiar to the north. The inscription accompanying this scene reads:—"The appearing of the King in the hall in order to cause the rising of the majesty of this venerable god, Amen Ra, the lord of the throne of the two lands, and his resting in his place in the hall of the Sed festival." Behind the King are two shrines, enclosing a representation of a god in the clothes of the dead, in the one wearing the crown of Upper, in the other, that of Lower Egypt, and with the beard characteristic of a god. Probably this must be taken to mean that many gods of Upper and Lower Egypt are included in the offerings to Apuat below.

The god then rises in answer to the supplication of the King, his presence appears, and his shrine is taken out round to the hypostyle hall. The priest of the god promises, "I will give thee millions of Sed periods, all thy years are eternal when thou sittest on the throne of Horus, thou shalt have life and joy." Once in the hypostyle hall, a procession is formed of the witnesses of the rising of the god, all the gods of Upper and Lower Egypt who have come to do honour to the god and the King. They are considered as guests invited to a banquet, for a profusion of offerings is placed before them. The inscription before them reads:—"Let a royal offering be made to the gods in their abodes, to the gods at the festival." All these gods make to the king promises of years of prosperity,

"All life and happiness, all health every day, all vigor, all strength, all abundance, all offerings." These shrines were merely canopies covering a statuette representing the god or goddess. They were not, indeed, shrines strictly speaking, the real shrine of a god rested in the sanctuary of the temple always, like the shrine of Amen here seen. This last is a true shrine, made probably of wood, overlaid with gold, and bearing a resemblance to the Ark of the Hebrews that cannot be accidental. The shrines were sometimes of stone, or possibly of ivory. Rameses III says to Ptah in the Harris Papyrus: "I made thee a shrine of stone of Abu, fabricating it with eternal work of one piece, having folding gates of brass of six sides cut in thy noble name for ever." "I made thee great tablets of secret words, set up in the hall of books of the land of Tamerah, placed in stands of stone engraved with a chisel to benefit thy noble house for ever and ever." Here we have the prototype of the tables of stone of the Hebrew tabernacle. As Abu is Elephantine, and means the ivory town, stone of Abu may possibly be ivory. The list of gods attending the festival is a long one.

After the procession of shrines, the King burns frankincense before a series of emblems connected with the ideas of time, the stability of his kingdom, etc.; but the exact interpretation of them is unknown to us. Incense burning figures largely in all the ceremonies. Rameses II, before setting out on an expedition, recites liturgical sentences before the shrine of Amen, and presents five grains of incense from the north, five grains of alum from the south, four vases of red water, and four of pure water. The incense was rolled in small balls, and thrown into the small censer at the end of a handle.

The ceremonies of the south end with the entrance of the King into a series of shrines for some ritual purpose;

and in the scene shewn here he is in a shrine where are the statues of twelve deities, headed by Harmakis On or Horus, the renewed sun, and lastly, after leaving the shrine, he is preceded by a procession of mummy emblems. The interpretation of this is probably that, as I have mentioned above, promises of future bliss were the last desire of every Egyptian, and here we have as a climax to this part of the festival assurances of immortality and renewed life made to the King. Here end the ceremonies of the south, and those peculiar to the north begin.

They are very similar to the first, and I shall not go through them in detail. Usarkon once more returns to the court of the temple and makes offerings to Bast and other deities, wearing the double crown, and accompanied by Karoama. Above, a most curious procession is forming of a sacrificial character. It is headed by the royal daughters; then come musicians, one with a large drum, others with the hands raised, probably chanting a sacrificial psalm and accompanying it with clapping of the hands. Before these are women carrying ewers of gold, and men with some kind of offering in their hands; then a group surrounding the sacrificial ox, and lastly three priestesses, two men kneeling in an attitude of adoration, and three royal sons. The royal sons always take a prominent part in sacrificial ceremonies where the King is present. According to ancient tradition he who offered the sacrifice had first to capture the animal; the King went through the formality of throwing a lasso over the ox's horns after it was secured, but it is the royal sons who really do the work, and we have several graphic and even amusing pictures of their struggles with animals who had their scruples against taking a prominent part in the sacrifice.

We have really very scanty information of the cere-

monies of the north. They corresponded very closely with those of the south, but the element of sacrifice and offering predominated. There does not appear to have been a second "manifestation of the god," but many sacrificial acts are done in his honour, and offerings, chiefly of birds and fishes, are brought before the shrine.

Then, completing the festival, the King seats himself in a series of shrines, wearing the beard of a god. He is always attended by Bast, emblems are brought before him, signs of rank, of time, and of the worship of him as a god. The last scene of all consists of a shrine called "The shrine of the putting away of the fans." Usarkon is seated as before, and the fan-bearers come up the steps. It was a fitting completion, as far as the King was concerned, that all these elaborate ceremonies should end with the recognition of his own divinity.

Such were the ceremonies, in outline and with several omissions, of the Sed festival; elaborate, well ordered, mysterious. Full of meaning to the king, priests, prophets, and philosophers; satisfying the public taste for pomp and show; supplying the most material and primitive mind with a god to worship and fear, and instilling a wholesome awe of the power and dignity of the King.

Satisfying, too, the sense of awe and reverence the educated Egyptian felt necessary when he approached the deity he worshipped so assiduously. Some of the earlier Egyptologists credited the Egyptians with vast and mysterious spirit-knowledge, saw deep philosophy in every ceremony, and mystic clairvoyance in every rite. The pendulum has of late swung somewhat in the opposite direction, and the rites we see depicted in the sculptures are held up in some quarters to ridicule as a series of senseless mummeries. The latter opinion is certainly not the truth; during the best period of Egyptian religion we

have full evidence that, from the King downwards, the devotees of the worship were genuine, serious and spiritually minded. In later times, especially under the Ptolemies, the ceremonies degenerated into formalities, and their complications merely served as a cloak for a religion, the soul of which was dead. The difference is shewn in the temples; the Potolemaic temples are not only architecturally degenerated, but there is an ostentation and an empty tawdriness in the crowded representation of the ritual. On the other hand, the temples of Pharaonic origin seem intentionally obscure. Whatever care we take in investigating them, we can rarely divine what purposes the various chambers served. The decoration is confused; one wanders from hall to hall without succeeding in the discovery of the key. The tableaux have no precise significance, nothing is more vague than the titles given to the divinities. A temple even so vast as the temple of Karnak succeeds in concealing the secret of the philosophic idea which led to its erection. It may be said that the essence of the temples of the Pharaonic epoch is to veil the doctrines of the religion there celebrated, but without any doubt, these doctrines had a serious foundation, and it was not idly and in vain that men such as Plato, Solon, and Pythagoras went to consult the Egyptian priests on the mystic philosophy which was the basis of their creed and their ceremonial.

The sense of mystery which comes over the modern student of their religion seems to have been always uppermost in the minds of the Egyptians during the centuries when their religion was at its best, as we have it allegorically expressed in the inscription of the goddess Neith at Sais. "I am that which is, that which shall be, and that which has been, and no mortal has ever raised the veil which covers my face."

LEOPARDI.

By A. THEODORE BROWN.

In the *Memoirs of Filippo Ottonieri*, the subject of which is really Leopardi himself, he writes his own epitaph :—

OSSA
DI FILIPPO OTTONIERI
NATO ALLE OPERE VIRTUOSE
E ALLA GLORIA
VISSUTO OZIOSO E DISUTILE
E MORTO SENZA FAMA
NON IGNARA DELLA NATURA
NÈ DELLA FORTUNA
SUA.

Here lies F. O., who, born to goodly actions and to glory, lived useless and inert, and died without fame, albeit not unaware of his nature and his destiny.

This summary of his career is only partly true, because dictated by despair. It is, however, to some extent, supported by facts. A sort of premonition of its motive occurs in almost the first of the *Pensieri*, or *Thoughts*,—those jottings of intimate reflection, in which Leopardi lays bare the great things and the little of his mind.

Survey the lives of illustrious men, and if you take account only of those who became so not by their writings but by their action, you will be hard put to it to find even a small number in the first rank who did not lose their father early in life. . . . Among all civilised nations the paternal authority implies a sort of slavery for the son, which, inasmuch as it is domestic, is more coercive and more obvious than a civil slavery; and which, however it may be modified either by express statute, or by public custom, or by individual qualities, never fails of inducing a most injurious effect. . . . viz.:—a feeling of subjection and dependence, of not being

master of himself, or rather of being, so to say, not a complete individual, but merely a fraction or member, his very name belonging rather to some one else than to himself.

He who could argue thus impatiently of his own begetter was born 29th June, 1798, at Recanati, a small hillside town in the March of Ancona. On both sides his parentage was noble; but the affairs of the Count, his father, being embarrassed, his mother was called upon to exercise a thrifty control throughout the family palazzo. We gather a cheerless impression alike of the great house and its surroundings: it contained, however, a fine library, which the boy reader entered, not merely to explore, but to ransack and to master. His father (himself a man of some culture) and his mother, good catholics both, agreed at an early date to devote Giacomo to the priesthood. First one ecclesiastic and then another served as director of his studies. There can have been, however, little for a teacher to do in the case of a student so eager and penetrating that by the age of 14 he took rank with scholars of European fame like Niebuhr and Akerblad. Henceforward tutors are no more heard of. His mind had passed beyond its pupilage, and must needs shape it own course. The proposal to take orders was out of the question.

Leopardi made himself familiar with French, Spanish, and English; but it was in the ancient literatures of Hebrew, Greek and Latin that his learning would seem to have approached the miraculous. Above all, it was in the Greek idiom and genius that his mind found most perfect play. Greek, he said, came clearer and closer to him than even Italian or Latin—a statement not incredible to the fellow-countrymen of Shelley.

Leopardi then began life as a student, and a student he continued to the end. His MSS., carefully preserved, include: A *Life of Porphyry*, written at the age of 16;

Commentaries on certain Authors of the Second Century, written at the age of 16; an *Essay on the Vulgar Errors of the Ancients*, written a year later; a collection of fragments from fifty of the early Fathers; *Discourses on Plato, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Demetrius Phalereus, Philo, Eusebius and others; A History of Astronomy from its origin to the year* 1811.

The range and persistence of such researches sapped the constitution of Leopardi while quite a youth; but so far from cramping his powers of expression, they added distinction to his style. He was apt to say that when he took pen in hand the writer ought to forget, so far as possible, the existence of such a thing as book-learning, and give vent to the free and outspoken conceptions of his own mind.

We are assured by his friend and biographer, Antonio Ranieri, that so far from any lack of family affections on the part of Leopardi, they and the beauties of nature sufficed to fill him with joy, that he prepared himself for manhood as for a festival, and that he had nothing but benediction for the fellow-mortals with whom he was to spend it. But his genius failed to receive appreciation within the family circle, and demanded the society of its peers. For that purpose he was set on a visit to Rome, but only to be thwarted till his home at Recanati became no better than a prison. Nor was this the worst that befell him. A mysterious disease fastened on his frame, rendering the chill highland air of his native place almost insupportable. Yet, what grieved him most of all was his parents' continued advocacy of priestly orders. Isolation, suffering, estrangement thus drove him in upon himself. His philosophy of life was reconsidered and reduced to terms of pain.

He was twenty-four years of age before, at last, he was

allowed to make his way to Rome, where, indeed, his father expected him to be brought under the influence of the church. The event proved otherwise. He gave himself up to the study of ancient MSS. stored in the many palaces of Rome. Making the acquaintance of Niebuhr and Bunsen, he received from the former the offer of a Greek professorship at Berlin. To Niebuhr we owe the following description:—"Conceive my astonishment when I saw standing before me, pale and shy, a mere youth, in a poor little chamber, of weakly figure and obviously in bad health; he being by far the first, rather indeed the only Greek philologian in Italy, the author of critical observations which would have gained honour for the first philologian of Germany, and only twenty-two (?) years old. He had grown to be thus profoundly learned without school, without teacher, without help, without encouragement in his father's sequestered house."

Another account of Leopardi's appearance is given by Ranieri:—"He was of average height, stooping and slight, of white and almost pallid complexion, the head large, the brow square and wide, eyes blue and languishing, prominent nose, features refined to a degree, speech diffident and slightly hoarse, and a smile indescribably winning."

Of the society of Rome he had expected much. He found the flippant and the commonplace, worst of all, the foreigner, everywhere in possession. The disillusion was not all loss, inasmuch as it stung the heart of the poet into the passionate, albeit hopeless, patriotism which again and again sounds forth from his verse. After gaining some distinguished friends he returned to Recanati. Henceforward the story of his life is little more than the record of his seclusion there, varied by visits to great cities—to Bologna, where he printed his poems; to Milan, where he printed his prose; to Florence; and

lastly to Naples. To these journeys he was driven, not only for social and intellectual satisfaction, but in order to mitigate the pangs of disease, which every successive winter rendered more acute. As the end draws nearer he is beset by dropsy and consumption. The latter he would hold off for a time by the dry atmosphere of the slopes of Vesuvius; he sought refuge from the former in the sweet air of Capodimonte. But, whatever the temporary benefit, he fought a losing battle, and died, just thirty-nine years of age, at Naples, on 27th June, 1837, fitly rendering up his spirit in the arms of the most devoted of those literary friends who had done something to make amends for imperfect sympathy at home. On the authority of the same dear friend, Ranieri, we know that twice over the high-strung poet had given his love, and given it in vain, and that to the day of his death he preserved a spotless purity of manners, which is reflected in his writings.

From a career outwardly uneventful and constrained we turn to these writings for an explanation of the man himself. To be more accurate, we must be content to deal with only that portion of them hitherto published. The complete MSS. have come recently into the control of the State, and the celebration of the centenary last year has already been followed by the publication of the "Pensieri" in a greatly enlarged form. Leopardi, therefore, may come to be numbered among voluminous authors; but probably we are now in possession of what is most intimate of the harvest of his pen.

The *Poems* amount to barely two score of pieces, little more than 4,000 lines in all. Some of them are merely occasional verses; not one is trifling in tone. For the most part written in lines of irregular length, and with rhymes in irregular order, they do not lend themselves

easily to translation. Clearness of phrasing and delicacy of music disappear; and one is at a loss to paraphrase. The following is an apostrophe to himself:—

Thou shalt have rest
For ever, tired heart, now snares are broken
I deemed eterne. All broken. So 'tis best.
The last fond hope, the last faint wish is spoken;
Now sink to rest.

Hast thou not throbbed
Enough? Nothing avails thy stir and sighing:
All undeserved by earth thy passion sobbed
Bitter was life, dulling by sheer denying
The heart it robbed.

Then in repose
Breathe out thy last despair. Accept of fate
The boon of death (sole boon that she bestows).

A few lines of blank verse addressed to that old favourite of poets, the moon, are easier to render:—

"Ah! gracious moon, be certain, I bethink me
How on this self-same hill a year agone
I came in tears and sorrow, to behold thee;
And there thou hungest over yonder copse
As now thou dost, illuminating all.
But cloudy and atrembling with the tears
That swelled upon my lids, thy looks appeared
Unto my eyes; for full of travail then
Went on my life. E'en so doth it to-day
Unchanged, fair moon.
And yet a strength abides
In recollection, and the date renewed
Of my own sufferings.
Pleasant it betides
In time of youth, when long is yet the course
For hope to run, and short is memory—
Pleasant, perforce, remembrance of the past,
Though that be sad, and its distress endures.

The note heard here is contemplative: elsewhere in the poems it deepens into dejection or rebellion. For instance, in "La Quiete dopo la Tempesta" the gods are taunted with conferring on mankind no better joy than ease after pain,—a merely negative experience,—while pain itself is scattered broadcast and springs up untilled.

By dwelling overmuch on passages of other poems—and there are not a few—where a like sentiment recurs, we might easily mistake the writer for a moral weakling. In reality, what he panted for was a life of action. It was closed against him by bodily disease, by his dependent position, by the political abasement of his country. Poet in every fibre, scholar to the finger-tips, at heart he was before all things the patriot, hot, impatient, proud,—ready for instant service, if only the way were open. We should not go far wrong in making his the words of one of our present day poets* :—

> If aught be worth the doing, I would do it;
> And others, if they will, may tell the news,
> I care not for their laurels, but would choose
> On the world's field to fight, or fall, or run.
> My soul's ambition will not take excuse
> To play the dial rather than the sun.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The tales of poets are but scholars' themes,
> In my hot youth I held it that a man,
> With heart to dare and stomach to enjoy
> Had better work to his hand in any plan
> Of any folly, so the thing were done,
> Than in the noblest dreaming of mere dreams.

In a spirit like this at a time when the regeneration of Italy seemed so far off that it counted with the "noblest dreaming of mere dreams," Leopardi was alive to any manly achievement, "so the thing were done." In his

* Wilfrid Blunt.

eyes it was something, whether much or little, of a piece with the traditions of the ancient mistress of the nations. So he dedicates some of his most ardent stanzas to a winner at the manly game of *Pallone*.

The countenance of glory and her voice
Are thine, in youth, to know;
Yea, and how far prowess asweat excels
Womanly ease. Oh! listen, listen,
Great-hearted champion, listen, and thy breast
Direct to high desire. Thee
The echoing arena and the cirque,
Thee the roar of people on thy side
Calls to illustrious deeds;
Thee, in the flush of thy young years
This day thy country dear
Equips to match exemplars of old time.
He did not stain his hand
In the barbarian blood at Marathon,
Whose part had been to gaze inert
When athletes stripped on the Elean plain.
The crown, the palm, the joy
Of emulation passed him by;
While one perchance who in Alpheus' stream
Cleansed the flanks and dusty mane
Of his victorious steed,—
'Twas *he* who led
Greek ensigns and the steel of Greece
Through the pale hosts of Medes
Weary with flight, whereat
Rang with disconsolate cries
Euphrates' bosom and her shore enslaved.

Wilt thou deem vain whatever stirs
The hidden embers of our manliness;
Quickening in feeble breasts
The sunken warmth, the flagging zeal?
. . . . . .
Brave stripling, mourn,
Thou hast survived thy motherland.

Lustre from her would have been thine
What time her brow flashed with the crown
Stripped from her now, to our eternal blame.
Her date is o'er:
None claims the honour to be called her son.
Then oh! for thy own sake confront the stars.
What worth in life, unless to hold it cheap?
'Tis happiest enwrapped in peril,
Itself forgetting, not meting out the loss
Of stagnant hours, nor harking for their ebb;—
Happiest when it treads
Upon the brink of death, gives thanks
And passes on.

Renderings thus rough convey no notion of the flexibility of the original verses, their clear sense, their piercing thrust of conviction. So, without attempting further quotations at length, we may pass in rapid review one or two other typical poems. Such, certainly, is that addressed to the illustrious scholar, Angelo Mai, on the re-discovery of the *De Republicâ* of Cicero. The event is like the speaking of a voice from the dead, from Rome at the height of its power and liberty, to Italy in the depth of servitude, torpor and contempt. "Still," cries Leopardi, "heaven's favour is not utterly lost." Some immortal has us in his care. The heroes of our race come forth from their tombs to see how cowardice serves our motherland. Then, passing vehemently on to an apostrophe to Petrarch, he exclaims, "Alas! Italian song rises and is born in pain. And yet more bearable its fang than the torpor smothering us. Happy thou, whose life was one long weeping! Tedium wrapped us in our swaddling clothes; tedium sits, perpetual, by our cradle, and vanity by our tomb."

So, likewise, in the poem on the monument to Dante, erected at Florence after a delay of six hundred years, Italy is bidden look backward, and count her immortal

sons of old, and weep, heaping scorn upon herself, since without such scorn mourning was useless folly.

The scholarship of Leopardi, one may venture to say, was so instinct with patriotism as to rise into a religion. It was always the patriotism of the scholar, not of the politician. Time after time his retrospect of the former glories of his country includes Greece with Rome, endangering the poetical unities, and weakening the appeal to the plain man. The explanation is that Leopardi's mind was so infused with the Hellenic spirit that he well nigh forgot that Hellas was not his native land, and that the men of Marathon were not his forefathers after the flesh. In proof of this, let the *Ode to Italy* stand for example. It sums up his devotion at the very height. Yet he digresses from the express theme (and appears unaware of digression), to laud those who fell at Thermopylæ. He prostrates himself before them. He kisses the rocks, the glebe, for which they fought. He longs to have fallen with them, that his blood might have soaked the hallowed soil—the soil of Greece. All this, I say, occurs in the famous stanzas, indited to Italy.

And if patriotism served for a religion with Leopardi, patriotism also takes the place that with most poets is set apart for love. Except in *Consalvo*, love is never the avowed subject of his song, though now and again some furtive phrase will pass as a wince for a hidden wound over a tearless face. Indeed, *Consalvo* tells us that such love as his could only be spoken in the gasp of death.

Passing on from the poems, though *La Ginestra*, and others of the most important have not been mentioned, we must touch, however briefly, on the prose writings. Of these, the most varied in subject matter is the *Pensieri* or *Thoughts*, jotted down just as they crystallized out from the writer's mind. Open them where you may, they get

your attention, if they do not secure your approval. In quality and in range of application they vary widely. Any summary being at present out of the question, one or two extracts shall be taken at random in order to illustrate Leopardian ways of thought. Thus:—

The truest pleasures of our life are those which have their rise in delusions. Children, **therefore, get everything out of nothing;** men get nothing out of everything.

* * * * *

The possession of several languages gives a certain increased facility and clearness in thinking over things with oneself, because we think as we speak. Now, no language has words and idioms enough to correspond with and express all the infinite distinctions of thought. The possession of several languages, and of the consequent power of expressing in one what cannot be expressed in another, gives us a greater facility in explaining our meaning to ourselves, and of ourselves understanding the explanation, applying the word to the idea, which, but for this explanation, would remain very confused in our mind. . . . . This is a thing I have often put to experiment, and it is apparent in these very *Pensieri*, written off-hand, where I have fixed my ideas with Greek, French, or Latin words according as they corresponded most closely with the matter in question, and occurred to me most quickly. Because an idea without words or means of expression escapes us, or shifts in our thought, being undefined and badly marked out even by us who have conceived it. Along with the word it takes upon it a body and, so to speak, form, visible, sensible, and circumscribed.

However, the prime interest in the *Pensieri* is autobiographical, and, in an artistic sense, inferior to the interest attaching to any writings from the same hand which are connected, polished, and adorned into a masterpiece. Such is each one of Leopardi's Essays and Dialogues. Unfortunately, owing to the peculiar glories of their style, they suffer by translation hardly less than do the poems. Every definition employed in them is, in legal phrase, necessary and sufficient. But the language is not only

clear; it observes a mean between the familiar and the academic. The greatest living Italian critic, Carducci, explains its grace by stating that it combines the simplicity of the fourteenth century with the elegance of the sixteenth. Certainly it is a well-tempered instrument, equable and elastic, as all philosophic writings must be, if they are to do nice execution on the reader.

In that brilliant and perverse composition entitled *Parini* or *Glory*, the author undertakes to prove the futility of literary fame. Protest how we may, we are carried on point by point till we conclude that, if it is all paradox, we cannot see where the fallacy intrudes. This is one of the essays. But, as with our own Berkeley and Walter Savage Landor, so with Leopardi, the favourite prose vehicle was dialogue.

His dialogues, however, are dramatic only in form. The personages who share in them excite little interest in their supposed characters. They have something else to do. Their function is to lay bare a certain argument from their several standpoints. The standpoint is determined by the fixed conditions of each character; but the argument is always the argument of Leopardi himself. Instead of fashion and death, Tasso and his familiar spirit, physicist and metaphysician, earth and moon, nature and soul, Prometheus and the savage, you may dub each of these pairs simply pro and con. They have no opinions nor moods of their own. Or, at the utmost, they serve as mere negations, to go down before the unbending predeterminations of their creator. And what is the philosophy that they labour at his bidding? Pessimism. In the words put into the mouth of *Filippo Ottonieri*—"Every mother's son of us from the time he comes into the world is like a man who lays himself down on a hard bed, where he is no sooner placed than, feeling ill at ease, he begins

to turn first on one side and then on the other, so as to change his posture time after time. So he goes on all night, ever in hope of at last snatching a little repose, and now and again fancying himself at the point of sleep; till at last his hour has struck, and, without having rested a whit, he rises." Again he explains the supposed fact that no man is content with his lot, by pronouncing no man's lot to be happy. And he protests with real dignity that mankind is no more prone to discontent than is any other living species; but that mankind alone can be satisfied with nothing short of real happiness.

We need not pause to ask how narrow or how wide a sense Leopardi puts on the term happiness; for he goes on to urge that even if a man were to find himself in a state of perfect happiness, but without assurance of improvement in any mode or degree, he would of all men be most miserable. To his enjoyment must be added hope. And so we have an endorsement of Xenophon's advice, if you buy a farm, to buy a bad one, in order that yours may be the joy of reclaiming it. So far we may possibly yield consent to the line of argument. Now, however, Leopardi steps out where only the pessimist can follow. Already he has surmised happiness to be no better than torment, unless including hope of a greater happiness. Next, looking to the other end of the scale, he pronounces no misery secure from lapse into deeper misery. Misery, therefore, has no limit in degree. On the other hand, hope is boundless, but welfare is not. Of this condition of things the result is that man is confined in his possibilities of actual enjoyment, tantalised by hopes impossible of realisation, and liable to miseries which, even at their worst, are yet capable of aggravation.

The happiness, on which Leopardi lays so much stress, he rests upon the gifts of fortune. It is absurd, he

contends, to play the Stoic, pretending to independence of external accidents, while we have to confess that our bodies, and, through them, our souls are subject to accident. The conclusion is that man himself is wholly at the mercy of fortune.

These, crudely stated, are the counsels of despair, yet, in the pages of the dialogues, they are set out with a variety of handling, a lightness of touch, and a clearness of style that attract the reader, however they fail to convince him. They give pleasure even in proving that pleasure does not exist.

It is Tasso, in talking with his familiar spirit, who is made to discourse most subtly of pleasure. We shall not do amiss in taking the "pleasure" of the fictitious Tasso to be the same as the "happiness" of Filippo Ottonieri. "Pleasure" or "happiness," called by whichever name, is for Leopardi the *summum bonum*. What then is pleasure? Something known to speculation, not to experience; something unreal; a desire, not an actuality; a conceit, not a perception. Even at the instant of fruition it stops short of plenitude, leaving you with nothing better than a vague hope of enjoyment some other time. For comfort you have recourse to story-telling about what you make believe to have enjoyed. You are fain to repeat the tale, less for ostentation sake than in order to convince yourself. In fine, whoever consents to live resigns himself to dream, *i.e.*, to the belief that he has enjoyed, or will enjoy—a false and fantastic conclusion.

In this fashion Leopardi meets the obvious cavil that pessimists must be out of court; for, if they were right, they would refuse to live, and there would be no pessimists left to argue. It seems absurd, he admits, but instead of suicide they take refuge in illusion. And the illusion is, as it were, indirect and not immediate. For there is no

such thing as a conscious act of enjoyment in the present moment. You do not think you enjoy; you think that you have enjoyed, or that you will enjoy. Pleasure is always past or future, never present. But pleasure is the object of life. Our life, therefore, by perpetually missing that object, is imperfect. Moreover, we have to reckon not only with pleasure, which is illusive, but with pain, which is undeniable; and, besides pain and pleasure, in every interstice of consciousness there is *ennui*. A more dismal philosophy could not be easily devised.

There are, nevertheless, elements of robustness in the Leopardian doctrine, such as his protest, often renewed, against what has been called the Ptolemaic view of life, that, namely, which places the solar system at the centre of the universe, the earth at the centre of the solar system, and man, if not physically at the centre of the earth, the centre of its importance.

It is pretty evident that the Leopardian philosophy is based on Leopardi's own subjective experience, and that it is fallacious to the extent that that experience was abnormal and unwholesome.

The Belgian writer, Maeterlinck, analyses the sources of tragedy till he draws the inference that man may so bear himself that no tragedy can take effect. He need be frighted by the thunderbolts of Olympus no more than by the "false fires" of Hamlet. But, even Maeterlinck does not press his theory in cases of intense bodily suffering. This was the portion of Leopardi. Had he not sung of his hero Consalvo

> **Two goodly things has earth,**
> **Love and death.**

Of these, the first was denied him. His portion was pain. That he should, therefore, read pain into all human life is not strange. The strange thing is that he did it

with such art that all must admire,—with such persuasiveness that his fellow countrymen are his converts, that they believe, as was declared at his centenary, his gospel of despair to be the manliest of these latter days, the nearest in accord with civilisation, the proudest that has found expression in his own dear land.

The resurrection of Italy,—the despair of humanity.—For sounding the latter we may almost forgive the herald of the first.

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